

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 799



MARCH 21, 1885

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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LONDON

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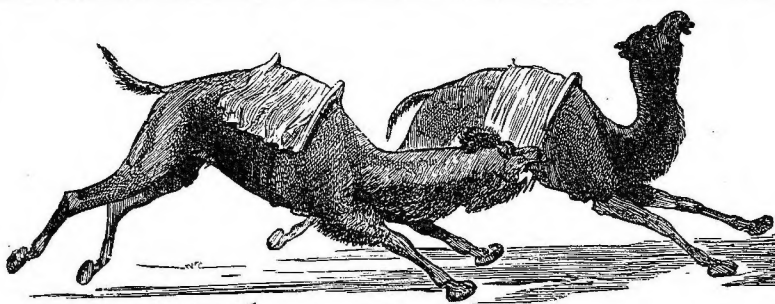
No. 799.—VOL. XXXI.
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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1885

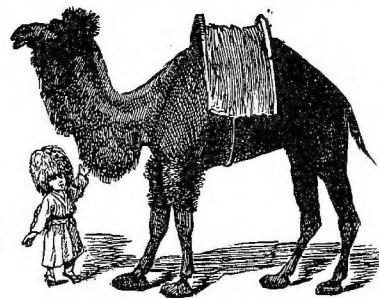
WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
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Phases of a Camel-Fight



Flight



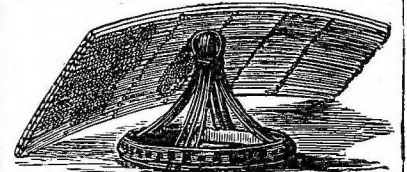
The Victor



Winter Amusements in Bala Murghab



A Sentry of the 20th Punjab Native Infantry
at Bala Murghab



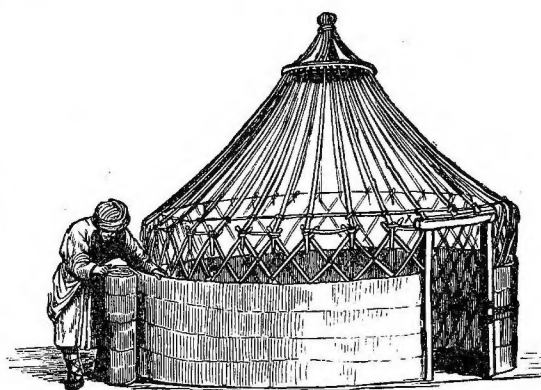
Making a Kibitka—Rafters, Felt,
and Matting



Jointed Lattice-Work and Roof-Cap



Hoisting on the Roof-Cap



Frame Complete: Putting Matting Round the Walls



The Finished Edifice

THE AFGHAN FRONTIER DIFFICULTY
FROM SKETCHES BY AN OFFICER WITH THE BRITISH BOUNDARY COMMISSION

Topics of the Week

RUSSIA, PERSIA, AND AFGHANISTAN.—When the Shah of Persia visited us some years ago, we first made fools of ourselves by worshipping the grotesque monarch, and then swiftly made a fool of him by laughing at his peculiarities. The laugh is now on his side; his once-contemned friendship has suddenly become of great value to England. For, in the event of hostilities breaking out between Russia and Afghanistan after the expiration of the "agreement," or "arrangement," or whatever Mr. Gladstone may finally elect to call the present truce, Persia will be sure to take some part in the struggle. Curiously enough, there is a certain identity between Persia and Afghanistan in the way they have been treated by the two great Christian Powers of Asia. At one time, English influence was as dominant at Teheran as it now is at Cabul. But when the Russian frontier was brought down to the Kopet Dagh, and when one independent Khanate after another fell under her sway, the Persians looked towards India, to see whether the English were going to do anything. There being no stir in that direction, the Shah came to the very sensible conclusion that he had better make friends with his northern neighbour, and he found the proceeding none the less agreeable in that it was smoothed by the gentle friction of Russian gold. At present the Persians are so well content with their bondage that they side altogether with Russia in her Afghan aggression. Is history about to repeat itself? Our great rival has established herself on the confines of Afghanistan as she previously did on those of Persia, and were we to show the same indifference, the Ameer would not only become her puppet like the Shah, but the Afghans would gradually learn to associate their destiny with hers. This is the real peril of the situation, and not that of conquest. We do not believe that the Czar has any present design against Herat, but we are quite prepared to see him make a desperate struggle to retain the coign of advantage he has secured for the Russification of Afghanistan.

IRISH NATIONALISTS AND THE ROYAL VISIT.—It is easy to make fun of the exaggerated style and turgid language of Mr. Sexton's manifesto, but the painful fact remains that it expresses the sentiments of a large proportion of the people of Ireland. The vote of the Dublin Corporation, too, points in the same direction. Dublin, as the metropolis and seat of Government, has always been a stronghold of the "Englishry," and yet the gentlemen who constitute the Corporation of that ancient city have refused, by forty-one against seventeen votes, to welcome the Prince and Princess of Wales on their arrival. The remarkable thing is that when the Irish had many genuine grievances to complain of, all of which have since been removed, they were essentially a loyal people. Her present Majesty's uncle, King George IV., is not generally regarded as a model sovereign, yet when he paid a visit to the Green Island more than sixty years ago, his arrival elicited something like a burst of enthusiasm, for it made the people feel that they were not altogether neglected and left out in the cold. Some thirty years later the Queen and Prince Albert went to Ireland, and they were so warmly received—we are not speaking now of the grandees but of the peasantry—that it is a thousand pities they did not go every year afterwards, and establish a Balmoral in Ireland. Scotland, already fashionable and prosperous, could have done well enough without the Royal presence; for Ireland it might have been the turning-point in her melancholy history. But now it is very questionable whether the spell of Royalty has not lost its potency for Irish hearts. The Prince and Princess of Wales are very popular, and they fully deserve their popularity, but they have a rival to contend with which was non-existent in 1849, as far as Irishmen were concerned. That rival is Republicanism. The close and intimate connexion between Ireland and the United States, since the great stream of emigration began to flow westward, has infiltrated Ireland with republican ideas. We may regret the fact, but it is nevertheless well to look such a fact squarely in the face.

CONSERVATIVE LEADERSHIP.—The Government has to some extent recovered from the shock it sustained by the fall of Khartoum and the death of General Gordon; but that it is still a popular Government the most enthusiastic admirers of Mr. Gladstone would not venture to assert. Yet there are not many signs that the Opposition is gaining much of the ground which Ministers have lost. The explanation, no doubt, is that on domestic questions the majority of Englishmen agree in the main with the party in power; but something is also due to the incapacity of the Conservative leaders. It is difficult to believe that the Tories can ever have been so badly led as they are now. Everybody admires Lord Salisbury's vigour and ability; but somehow he fails to excite enthusiasm even among his own followers. As for Sir Stafford Northcote, with all his good qualities he has the utmost difficulty in asserting supremacy over the rank-and-file of his party. Lord Randolph Churchill may prove to have higher political qualities than either Sir Stafford Northcote or Lord Salisbury; but as yet the country can hardly be said to have had a fair opportunity of forming an

opinion with regard to his fitness for the position he seeks to attain. He has changed front so often that there is still some doubt as to the character of the policy to which he will finally commit himself. What the Conservatives most urgently need is a leader who will have the courage to proclaim a definite set of principles for their guidance in the treatment both of domestic and of foreign questions. At present they content themselves, as a rule, with merely resisting the proposals of the Liberals, and it is certain that as long as they maintain this negative policy they will never make much impression on "the masses." If they could persuade themselves to go as far as Mr. Goschen in the direction of reform they would have an infinitely better chance of success.

ZEBEHR PASHA'S ARREST.—In default of knowing the evidence on which Zebehr Pasha and his sons have been arrested, it would be unfair to assume their guilt. We have warrant, however, that it must have appeared very strong in the eyes of Sir Evelyn Baring, or he would not have taken the unprecedented course of acting without the sanction—apparently without the knowledge—of the Egyptian Government. It may be argued, too, that our Consul-General had reason to question whether all the Ministers could be trusted to keep the secret if he confided to them his intention of placing the ex-slave-king under lock and key. Sir Evelyn Baring had only to demand the man's immediate arrest to have it effected at once, and, as he did not choose to make the demand, we infer that he doubted the loyalty of the Khédive's puppets. Be that as it may, there is a certain show of boldness about the proceeding which comes as a most refreshing change after the timidities and hesitations which have marked our rule in Egypt since Arabi was suppressed. Tewfik Pasha is, no doubt, a model of good intentions, and his Ministers may possibly be the same. But the whole world knows that their power, rights, and prerogatives are all included in the single word "obedience." Were the Khédive, for instance, to refuse to do as he is told, he would certainly meet with the same fate as his father, while his Ministers learnt long ago that the little finger of England is thicker than the loins of their putative Sovereign. With all of this patent to Christendom, there has seemed little sense in maintaining the sham of constitutional government, and since the high-handed arrest of Zebehr Pasha appears to mark a new departure, we welcome it as possibly the preface to a *régime* founded on looking facts in the face.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—The Australian Colonies are decidedly getting fashionable—in the same sense that the drama and science are fashionable. Their cricketing prowess has aroused an interest which even their production of wool and gold failed to command; rising young noblemen make the Grand Tour thither; and now they have risen—with a leap like that of an "old-man" kangaroo—to the height of popularity by their volunteer expedition for the Soudan campaign. Thus, too, on Tuesday night, a distinguished company assembled to hear Sir F. Napier Broome lecture on Western Australia—which used to be reckoned rather a "one-horse" colony—and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales took the chair. Looking at the map of Australia, an ignoramus may wonder why Western Australia has not prospered more. It was founded in 1829, before a single white man had settled in Victoria, which now contains nearly a million inhabitants; yet, in spite of its vast size (it occupies nearly half the great island-continent), its healthy climate, and the fact that it is 2,000 miles nearer to Europe than any of the sister settlements, it has crept on very slowly. There are now only 32,000 inhabitants in all this immense area; and some years ago, when Eastern Australia had shaken off the convict yoke, the West Australians petitioned for convicts (and got them), because they saw no chance of attracting a sufficiency of free labourers to supply their needs. The simple fact is that Western Australia labours under several serious physical disadvantages. It lacks that Cordillera, that mountainous table-land, which preserves the eastern and south-eastern part of the continent from being utterly burnt up with drought; there are in some places poison-plants among the pasture; and, in too many districts, the soil is so sandy that a malicious American told Anthony Trollope that it was as splendid country to run through an hour-glass. On the other hand, there are abundant forests of valuable timber, and important pearl and other fisheries on the coast. When Europe gets more crowded than it now is, the day of Western Australia will certainly come; for, compared with the recent colonial acquisitions of some of our Continental friends, it is a paradise of fertility.

THE CONVENTION.—At last the Convention dealing with the finances of Egypt has been signed, and at the earliest possible date it will be discussed by Parliament. That it will be accepted there can be very little doubt; for England can hardly venture to reject a scheme which has received the sanction of all the Great Powers. There are, however, few Englishmen who think that the plan is in itself satisfactory. Nominally, of course, the principle of undivided responsibility has been maintained; but there is much reason to fear that it has been practically abandoned. If it was intended that England alone, in association with native authorities, should reorganise the Egyptian system of Government, why should the Powers have insisted on a joint guarantee for the proposed loan? Financially, the joint guarantee is unnecessary; according to the best authorities, it creates financial

difficulties which would not have existed if England had acted independently. It must have been insisted on, therefore, simply in order that the Powers might have an opportunity of interfering with our proceedings in Egypt. The English Government hopes, no doubt, that it will soon be able to retire from Egypt altogether; but the chances are that the effect of this Convention will be to make our withdrawal more difficult than ever. For we cannot abandon Egypt until the conditions of public prosperity have been restored; and the task of restoring them will certainly not be facilitated by the rights which are about to be conceded to our rivals.

MINING ACCIDENTS.—The official return of mining casualties during 1884 affords room for believing that, although a great deal still remains to be done, recent legislation has proceeded on right lines. In mines worked under the Coal Mines Regulation Act the number of fatal accidents last year was 863, against 921 in 1883, and the number of deaths 942, against 1,054. It is true that a slightly smaller number of persons was employed; but, even after due allowance is made on that account, a sensible diminution appears under both heads. It is the same with mines worked under the Metalliferous Mines Regulation Act. Here 1884 figures with 54 fatal accidents and 56 deaths, against 68 and 86 respectively in 1883. On the whole, therefore, the return shows something of an improvement, although still not much to boast of. Before the minimum loss of life can be reached, society must somehow bring home to the mining mind the fact that recklessness is criminal when it affects one's neighbour as well as oneself. It is not merely miners who are open to blame on that account; the police court records in the mining districts afford abundant evidence that many pit owners habitually run risks contrary to the law of the land. But how are we to censure either them or their grimy *employés* so long as magistrates in the coal counties systematically connive at such misdoings by imposing absurdly lenient sentences? The ordinary punishment for a man who has wilfully endangered his own life and those of, perhaps, a hundred others is a fine of 20s. if he be a miner, or of 5*l.* if a proprietor. Making allowance for difference of training and of education, we are disposed to think that the recklessness of magistrates who impose such sentences is greater than that of those on whom they are imposed.

ANGLO-FRENCH COMPLICATIONS IN CHINA.—The philanthropist grieves, the cynic grins, to see two such fine nations as England and France knocking their heads respectively against stone walls in the Soudan and China. But there is this difference between the two wars. Our campaign does not inconvenience the French; whereas the French campaign does seriously inconvenience us. A sudden access of anti-foreign fanaticism caused by some of the high-handed doings of the French commanders might produce a terrible massacre of Europeans in the treaty-ports; and apart from this contingency our commerce is hampered in various ways. A British ship was seized for carrying lead, which certainly looks to the uninstructed eye like contraband of war, but it turned out that the lead was really intended for the peaceful purpose of lining tea-chests. So the *Glenroy* was released, but similar cases are sure to recur, especially if the French authorities persist in regarding rice as a contraband article. Meanwhile the war drags on, and may drag on interminably, for the Chinese, with their teeming population, can afford to play a waiting game, even if they do lose a good many soldiers, and day by day they are becoming better skilled in the European art of warfare, under their German instructors. A march upon Peking might settle the business, but that will need more men and money than M. Ferry may care to ask for.

THE GORDON MEMORIAL.—The Committee which has invited subscriptions for a National Memorial to General Gordon cannot be said to have acted very wisely in deciding to erect a hospital at Port Said. Such an institution may be greatly needed, but there is no very strong reason why honour should be done to the memory of our lost hero in this particular way. It would have been infinitely better if the Committee had adopted a plan by which Gordon's own country would have more directly benefited. It is well known that after his return from China, while he was living quietly at Gravesend as an Engineer officer, he devoted himself with characteristic enthusiasm to the service of the poor. He was especially eager in his efforts to help friendless boys; and the results he achieved by his unflagging and unpretending zeal were in their own way hardly less remarkable than the great deeds which have made his name famous. Surely the most appropriate Memorial to Gordon would have been some institution which would have carried on the work he had so much at heart. It is too late now, probably, for the Committee to change its purpose, but it may be hoped that even yet something will be done to provide a perfectly fitting expression for the national feeling. Let us, in addition to what may be called the International Institution, have a Memorial which will keep Gordon's influence alive among the young, with whom he had such ardent sympathy; and let it be established by means of small subscriptions coming from all classes of the community. A proposal of this kind would receive the support of many thousands of persons who would never dream of associating themselves with the existing scheme.

THE BOATING TRAGEDY.—The lamentable accident at London Bridge last Sunday has produced the usual crop of suggestions for the prevention of such mishaps. Boating men—not, perhaps, without an eye to their own convenience—always lay it down on these occasions that no one ignorant of watermanship should be allowed to hire a Thames wherry. But they omit to state who would be empowered to judge the expertness of 'Arry when he came to the river bank, and entered into negotiations for a skiff. Another specific is that no boat should be allowed to set forth without a waterman on board. That, however, would add considerably to the hire, thereby taxing poor 'Arry's resources to the breaking point. The only plan which seems at all practicable is that some limit should be placed on the number of people allowed to enter a boat, of course in proportion to her size. The one which capsized on Sunday had ten persons on board, and, judging from the published descriptions, she seems to have been closely packed from stem to stern. Two evils result from that state of things. The first is that the crowding prevents proper management, each person being in the other's way, and the whole lot quite incapable of acting with promptitude should any sudden emergency arise. Worse still is the second consequence of overcrowding: namely, the immersion of the boat to such an extent that she has only two or three inches of freeboard. When a wherry is pressed down like this, the slightest roll will suffice to bring in the water over the side. We are inclined to suspect that this was the cause of the fatality last Sunday. If the boat was, as appearances seem to show, overcrowded, a very slight collision against the bridge, with the full force of the tide setting against it, would have tipped her and her passengers over. The only wonder is, considering how many overloaded boats one sees on Saturdays and Sundays, that fatal accidents are not more common.

LUNATICS AT LARGE.—Till the other day an idea prevailed in the public mind that a good many sane people were wrongfully locked up in asylums. A crusade was begun against the "mad doctors;" the redoubtable Mrs. Weldon took the part of Peter the Hermit, and overcame her oppressors. Fired by her example and her success, other alleged lunatics followed suit, and the result is that the medical profession generally are so thoroughly afraid of being harassed, and perhaps ruined (for juries are often sentimental and sympathetic) by an action at law, that they are very chary of signing a certificate unless the evidence of lunacy is extremely strong. The result is, that just now it is nearly as difficult to get locked up on a charge of insanity as it is to get hanged for committing a peculiarly barbarous murder. Then, to add to the imbroglio, some legal luminary has decided that mad people must not be taken to a workhouse. A man was found the other day wandering about the streets talking incoherently. The workhouse authorities refused to admit him, and so, although the poor wretch was accused of no crime, the magistrate had perforce to send him to the House of Detention, merely for the sake of safe custody.

CONSERVATIVES AND THE SEATS BILL.—For a day or two there seemed to be a chance that the Seats Bill would be endangered by the action of some of the more ardent members of the Tory party. It is not very easy to see what the malcontents hoped to gain by their threatened revolt against their leaders. Had the Bill been rejected, a Conservative Government would have been compelled to deal with the question; and no one supposes that it would have been strong enough to pass a measure which would have secured the approval of Mr. Chaplin. In the event of a dissolution the probability is that the Liberals would have had a majority, and then there would have been a crisis even more formidable than that of the last autumn, since compromise would have been rendered practically impossible. Fortunately, Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Salisbury were able to overcome the resistance of their discontented followers; and the result was that on Tuesday the whole of the clauses passed through Committee. It is now expected that the work which still remains to be done in Committee will be accomplished before Easter. On the whole, the Conservatives have quite as good reason as the Liberals to be satisfied with the settlement which has been arrived at. It will enable both parties to secure representation in Parliament as nearly as possible corresponding to the number of their adherents in the country; and neither party will be able to claim the whole credit for the advantages which the nation may derive from the new law. Some Conservatives are persuaded that the controversy will soon be re-opened; but this is not very probable. The questions in which the democracy is chiefly interested are of the kind called "social;" and if the measure now under discussion is found to work fairly well, we may expect that little more will be heard of it by the present generation.

"THE NAVY OF OLD ENGLAND."—Mr. Samuel Pepys, late Secretary to the Admiralty, informs us this week, through the medium of the omniscient Mr. Punch, that the condition of the Navy was grumbled about quite as much in his time as it now is in the time of Sir Thomas Brassey. This is probably quite true, and it is therefore all the more advisable on such a complicated and difficult subject the public should complain, not vaguely and ignorantly, but with judgment and precision. For this purpose they cannot do better than study the twopenny extra just issued by the

Pall Mall Gazette, and entitled, "The Navy of Old England: Is it Ready for War?" After reading this, the most cheerful of optimists cannot fail to be rendered uneasy. It is not merely that more ships ought to be built, but that the whole of our naval administration requires a thorough overhauling. The art of naval warfare has been revolutionised by steam, by modern guns, and by torpedoes; and yet, as regards organisation, we go on as if the fleets of the world were what they were in the days of Nelson. At this moment we are in some danger of being involved in a war with Russia. Russia is not a formidable naval Power, but suppose (no unlikely matter) that some squabble about China, Madagascar, or Egypt should cause France to take sides against us. Our army is small at the best, and the greater part of it might be locked up in India and the Soudan. We should then be chiefly dependent for defence upon our fleet. Could that fleet be mobilised, could our naval harbours be properly protected at such short notice as the enemy would be likely to give us? The answers to these questions are given in the *Pall Mall* pamphlet, and we fear they show that, if war were suddenly to break out, we should run imminent risk, if not of carefully-planned and deliberate invasion, at all events of hostile landings and assaults, which might in a few hours destroy millions of pounds' worth of property.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing SKETCHES of the WAR in the SOUDAN by our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers.

NOTICE.—"COUSIN ISIDOR," by Mrs. Frances Eleanor Trollope, is concluded in this week's Issue; and next week we shall publish the first portion of a Novelette entitled "BOOTLES' BABY," written by J. S. Winter, Author of "Cavalry Life," &c., and illustrated by W. Ralston.



PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager—EVERY EVENING at 8.30 and to-day Saturday, at 2.30, JUNIUS; or, THE HOUSEHOLD GODS, by the late Lord Lytton. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Dewhurst, Speakman, Doone, Cooper, Hudson, Fulton, &c., and E. S. Willard; Mesdames Eastlake, Dickens, &c., and M. Leighton. At 7.30, THE COLOUR SERGEANT, Mr. George Barrett, &c. Box Office 9.30 till 5. Doors open at Seven. No fees. Prices—Private Boxes, One to Nine Guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Circle, 3s.—Business Manager, Mr. J. H. CONBE.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY, Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE, Season under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY. EVERY EVENING, at EIGHT, Sheridan's Comedy in Five Acts, SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, Characters by Mr. W. Farren, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Everill, Mr. A. Wood, Mr. E. D. Lyons, Mr. Lin Kayne, Mr. Carne, Mr. Smedley, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Thorpe, Mr. Dorrell, Mr. Weathersby, and Mr. Coghlan; Mrs. Arthur Sterling, Miss Kate Pattison, Miss Eva Sothorn, and MRS. LANGTRY. At 7.30, SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, at 8. Carriages at 11. Box Office open daily from 11 till 5. No fees. Telephone, 3700. Matinee of PERIL, SATURDAY, March 28, at 2 o'clock. Doors open at 1.30. Carriages at 5.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, COVENTRY STREET, W.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. Every Night at Eight o'clock. Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at Three also, THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS' TWENTIETH ANNUAL CARNIVAL OF MUSIC AND FUN. The New Programme. This and EVERY NIGHT at Eight. MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY at Three and Eight. All New and Beautiful Songs. New Budget of Screaming Funny Stories. New Comic Sketches. New and Important Additions to the Great Company.

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ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND (Incorporated by Royal Charter) for the RELIEF of the WIDOWS and ORPHANS of British Artists. PATRON—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. The SEVENTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, on WEDNESDAY, April 22, 1885. The Right Hon. Viscount HARDINGE in the chair. The institution is entirely supported by the voluntary donations and subscriptions of artists and patrons of the fine arts. Gentle men's tickets, 25s.; ladies', 12s. 6d.; and of the may be obtained of the stewards: at the bar of the Freemasons' Tavern; and of the Secretary, L. YOUNG, Esq., 43, Garrick Street, W.C.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—At the MEETING on WEDNESDAY, March 25, a Paper will be read by Mr. A. J. ELLIS on "THE MUSICAL SCALES OF VARIOUS NATIONS." The Chair will be taken at 8 o'clock by Sir FREDERICK ABEL, D.C.L., C.B., F.R.S. H. TRUEMAN WOOD, Secretary. Society's House, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—Dore's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

"ANNO DOMINI," by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This Great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other Important Works, at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 1s.

ZEUXIS AT CROTONA. By EDWIN LONG, R.A. I. "THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY." II. "THE CHOSEN FIVE." These Two New Pictures, with "ANNO DOMINI" and other works, ON VIEW at 168, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission, One Shilling.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—NOTICE TO ARTISTS.—The days for receiving Works of PAINTING, ARCHITECTURE, and ENGRAVING, are FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and MONDAY, MARCH 27, 28, and 29, and for SCULPTURE, TUESDAY, MARCH 31. No works will under and 50, and for SCULPTURE, TUESDAY, MARCH 31. No works will under any circumstances be received after these specified dates. The regulations for exhibiting may be obtained at the Royal Academy. FRED. A. EATON, Sec.

NEW ENGRAVINGS NOW ON VIEW. THE DAY OF RECKONING. S. E. WALLER. THE OFFER OF MARRIAGE. MARCUS STONE. AN PRIOR ATTACHMENT. MARCUS STONE. THE SISTER'S KISS. SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. WEDDED. SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. A LITTLE DUCHESSE. I. E. MILLS, R.A. MUCH ABOUT NOTHING. FORBES ROBERTSON. THE PAINTER. BRITON RIVIERE. THE SLEEPING DOGS LIE. BRITON RIVIERE. FIRST WHISPER OF LOVE. L. ALMA TADEMA. PLEADING. L. ALMA TADEMA. &c., &c., &c. Engravings of above on sale at 21s. each. OFFER OF MARRIAGE and COMPANION, 31s. 6d. each. THE SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS. GEO. REES, 115, Strand, Corner of Savoy Street.

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EASTER on the CONTINENT.—The BOAT TRAIN Leaves LIVERPOOL STREET STATION at 8.0 p.m. Every Week Day, and DONCASTER at 4.48 p.m. (in connection with Express Trains from Liverpool, Manchester, and the North), running alongside the Company's Steamers at Harwich (Parkeston Quay). Passengers arrive at Amsterdam and Brussels the following morning. FARES (from London). Rotterdam or Antwerp and Back 40s. od. 42s. od. Rotterdam, Gouda, The Hague, Amsterdam, Utrecht, and Back 53s. 4d. 54s. 1d. Antwerp, Brussels, the Ardennes, and Back 51s. 4d. 52s. 7d. Tickets, Time-tables, and information at 44, Regent Street, W.; 48, Lime Street, E.C.; Mr. Briggs, Doncaster Railway Station; or F. Gooday, Continental Traffic Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

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WITH THE AFGHAN FRONTIER COMMISSION

THESE sketches, which are by Sergeant Galindo, of the 8th Hussars, who is attached to the Intelligence Department of the Commission, are in continuation of those which we published last week. They represent the force in their winter quarters at Bala Murghab. For a period of at least a month or six weeks very wintry weather prevails, a proof of which is afforded by the illustration of the snow-balling match between the British soldiers and their dusky comrades in arms, the Sepoys. The camel-fight was got up by the natives for the Britishers' amusement. On the time-honoured principle of "Cherchez la femme," a she-camel was brought on the scene, and, like Helen of Troy, became the *causa fregitima belli*. A big shaggy Bactrian won the chief honours of the fray. While fighting the animals foamed at the mouth profusely, and their small glaring eyes and distended nostrils looked very wicked. The Valley of Bala Murghab formerly supported a large population, who have been thinned out by war and invasion. It is a long and wide dale, in which there runs a deep stream of clear water, fifty yards wide, enough to fertilise its whole length. At present the chief inhabitants of the valley are pheasants, which are extraordinarily numerous, but the emigrants from the surrounding tribes are gradually occupying and cultivating this highly fertile region. We gave some account last week of the houses of the Turcoman nomads, called "Kibitkas." They are by no means the rough and clumsy affairs one would suppose from their outside appearance, but are really neat and delicately-made structures, recalling in some of their parts a child's toy or puzzle. The lattice-work of the walls is so jointed as to shut up like an expanding flower-pot stand. "The kibitka," says the *Times* correspondent at Bala Murghab, "is a dome-shaped framework of lattice work, covered with layers of felt, the number of layers being in proportion to the severity of the weather. The walls, for about six feet of their height, are vertical, and then the dome rises to a height of twelve or fifteen feet. A felt cap fits on a hole in the centre of the roof, which lets in the light—for the kibitka has no windows—when it is fine, and lets out the smoke when a fire is lighted on the ground underneath. The floor is generally spread with carpets of choice patterns, rich colours, and velvety softness, worked by the daughters of the kibitka; on the walls, too, hang camel bags of the same rich carpet work. The great advantage of a kibitka is that in a few hours you can strike, pack up, and load it on a camel and be off."

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL KOUROPATKIN

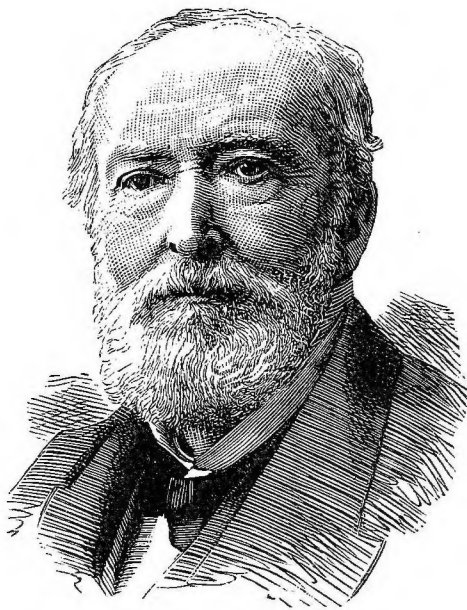
It is reported that in case an Anglo-Russian conflict should take place on the Afghan frontier, the command of the Russian forces will be given to General Kouropatkin, who was Skobelev's right-hand man in most of his campaigns. He served with him in the Khivan expedition and in the Khokandese campaign, he acted as Chief of his Staff at Plevna, he commanded the Turkestan contingent which made a brilliant forced march from Samarcand to Geok Tepé *via* Khiva, and he exercised immediate control, under Skobelev, of the siege operations against the Turcoman fortress. After the campaign was over he was given a command on the Kuldja frontier, but when Skobelev died he was summoned to Russia to hold a high military appointment at home. By the army he is regarded as a second Skobelev, but cooler and more calculating, and not mixing himself in politics. Recently he has earned a reputation as a military writer by publishing an elaborate account of Skobelev's operations at Plevna.—Our portrait is from a photograph by M. Jacowlew, St. Petersburg.

MR. LOUIS HAGHE,

HONORARY PRESIDENT of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, died at his residence in the Stockwell Road, on March 9th. He was born at Tournay, Belgium, in 1806. At an early age he



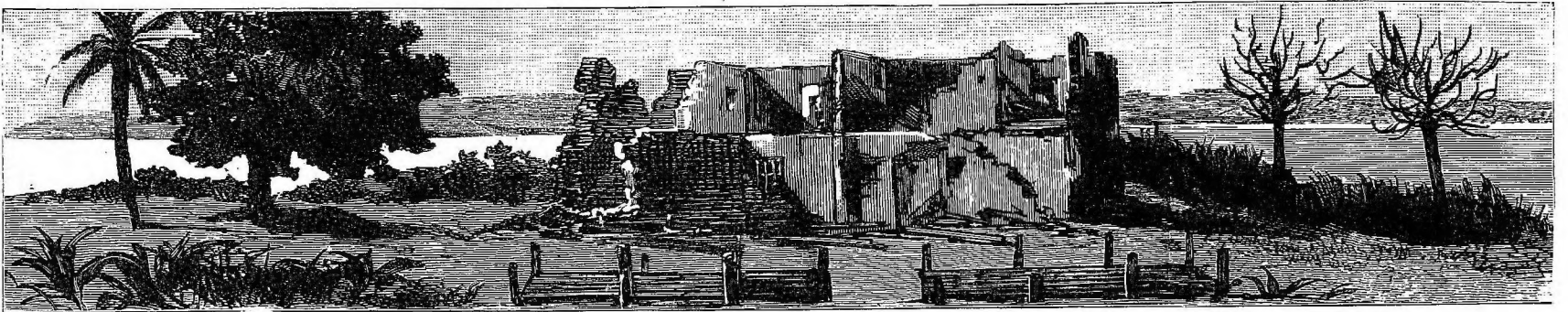
GENERAL KOUROPATKIN
Expected to Command the Russian Central Asian Forces in the
Event of a War with England



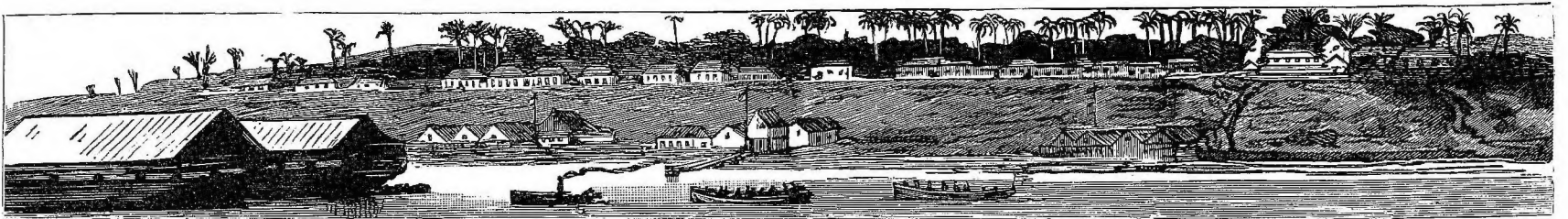
MR. LOUIS HAGHE
Water-Colour Artist and Lithographer
Born 1806. Died March 9, 1885



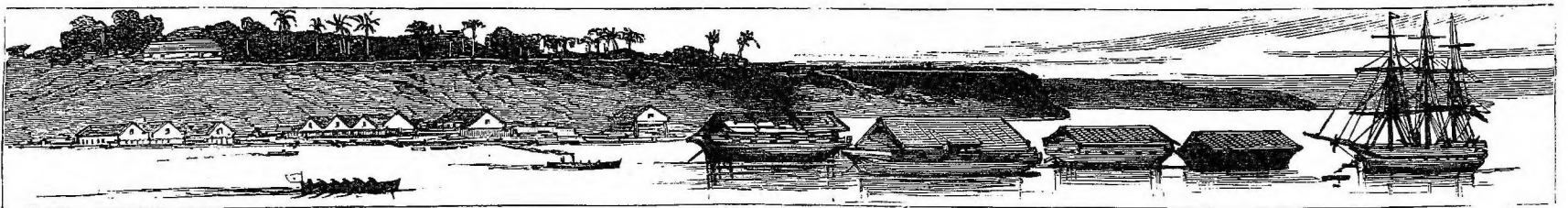
SIR CURTIS MIRANDA LAMPSON, BART.
One of the Promoters of the First Atlantic Cable
Born 1806. Died March 12, 1885



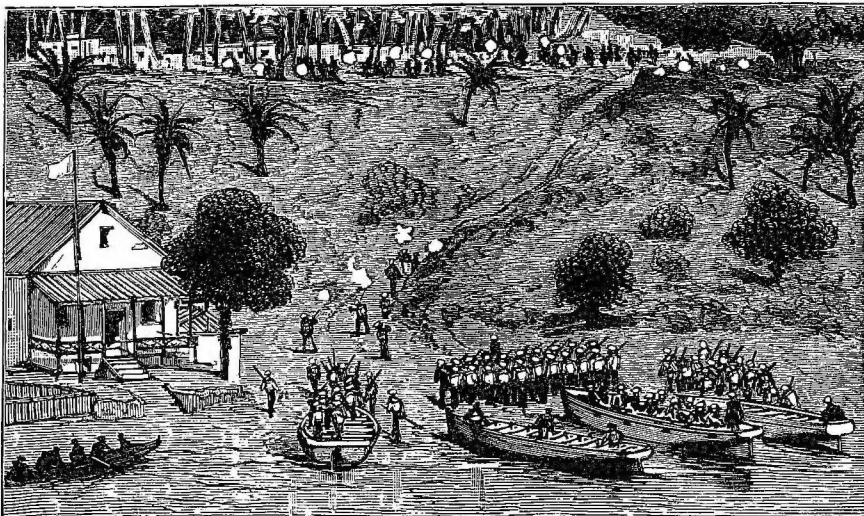
RUINED HOUSE OF CHIEF LOCKPREESO, HICKORY TOWN



THE UPPER PART OF AQUAH TOWN



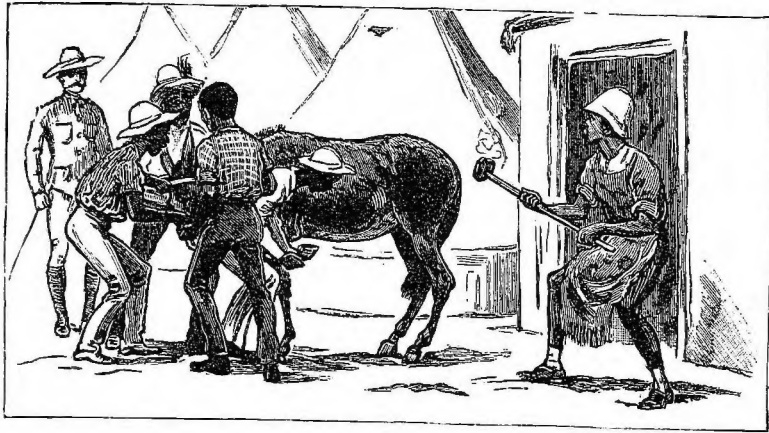
KING BELL'S TOWN



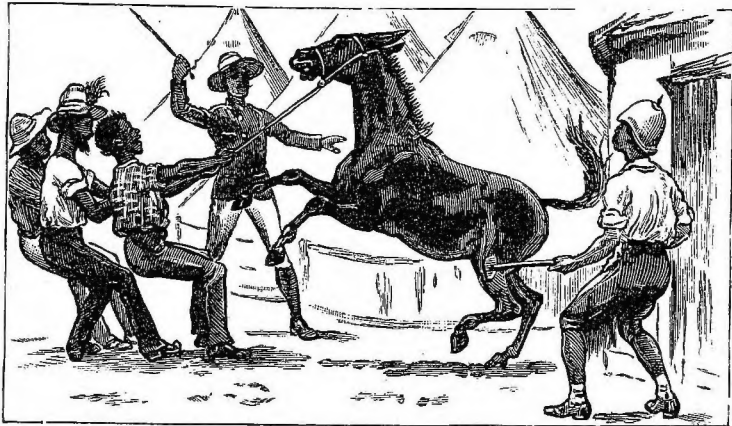
THE GERMANS LANDING AND DRIVING BACK THE NATIVES



NATIVES GATHERING AT THE SOUND OF THE TOM-TOM



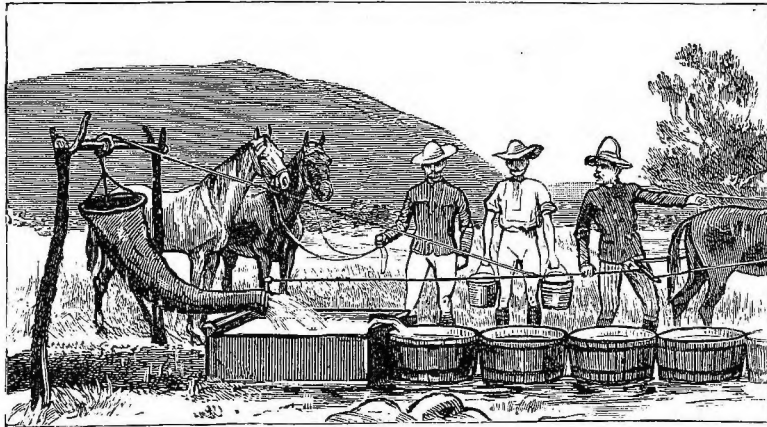
BRANDING A MULE



BRANDED



AN EARLY MORNING START—INSPANNING AND SADDLING



ARRANGEMENTS FOR WATERING AT STEIN'S FARM

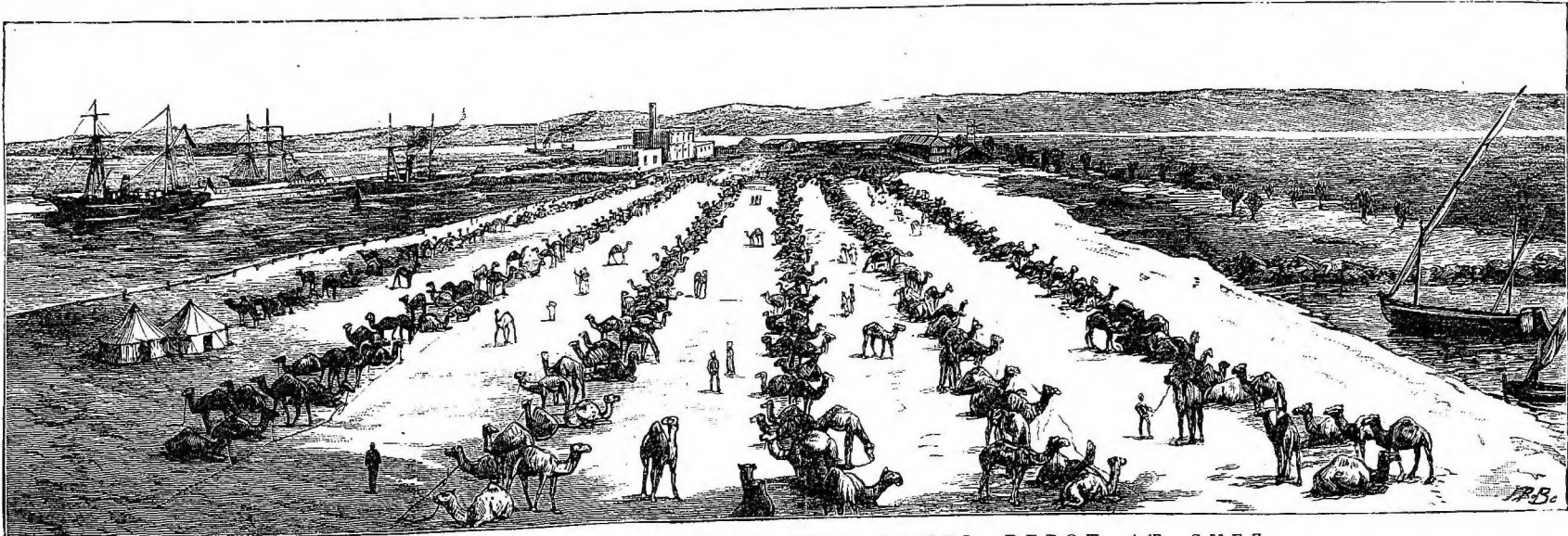


BUYING MILK AT A BOER'S FARM BY THE ROADSIDE



MAKING THE BEST OF A WET NIGHT

WITH SIR CHARLES WARREN'S EXPEDITION TO BECHUANALAND



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN—THE CAMEL DEPOT AT SUEZ

came to this country to practise his art, and his pictures were regularly to be seen at the annual exhibitions of the New Water-Colour Society, afterwards known as the Institute. His studies of Flemish interiors were models of excellent and accurate workmanship, and he also acquired wide fame as a lithographer. Besides reproducing the designs of others, he published works of his own, illustrative of the archaeology of his native country, and its picturesque towns and scenery. His best known painting is the "Hotel de Ville de Courtray," which was purchased by Mr. Vernon. His artistic merits brought him many honours, both here and abroad. For many years Mr. Haghe was Vice-President of the Institute, and, on the death of Mr. Henry Warren, was unanimously elected to succeed him as President. Failing health compelled him about a year ago to resign this office, in which he was succeeded by Mr. J. D. Linton. On his retirement Mr. Haghe accepted the title of Honorary President, offered him as a mark of the general respect in which he was held by the members.—Our portrait is from a photograph by J. Ganz, Brussels.

SIR CURTIS MIRANDA LAMPSON,

WHO died, after a very short illness, on the 12th March, was the senior partner in the firm of Messrs. C. M. Lampson and Co., merchants, Queen Street, Cheapside. He was a native of the United States, having been born at Newhaven, Vermont, Sept. 21st, 1806. At the age of twenty-four he came to England, and in 1848 became a naturalised British subject. Publicly his name is chiefly known in connection with the laying of the first Atlantic Cable. Nowadays the laying of deep-sea telegraph wires seems an ordinary straightforward business, but it was not so in the early days of the discovery. Of the company which was formed in 1856 for thus connecting the two sides of the Atlantic Ocean, Mr. Lampson was appointed one of the directors, and subsequently became Vice-Chairman. For ten years they struggled with innumerable difficulties, and it was Mr. Lampson's great merit that, although others became gloomy and desponding under repeated failures, he still retained faith in the enterprise, backed it with his time, his labour, and his money, and ultimately attained success. On July 27th, 1866, the first telegraphic message between the Old and New Worlds was flashed beneath the waters of the Atlantic Ocean. Mr. Lampson's services were warmly acknowledged by the Government, and the Queen made him a baronet. Sir Curtis Lampson was a Deputy-Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and one of the trustees of the fund given by his friend Mr. Peabody for the benefit of the poor of London. The excellent management of this trust has been greatly due to his business-like energy; and even within a few hours of his death he gave suggestions regarding the management of this undertaking. He was also a Director of the Alliance British and Foreign Life and Fire Assurance Company, and of the Alliance Marine Assurance Company, Limited. Only last week he was elected a member of the Athenæum Club, under the Provisions of Rule II, which empowers the Committee to elect those who have rendered distinguished service in literature, art, or science. Sir Curtis took a great interest in the breeding of cattle, he owned an important herd of shorthorns, and last year he took three prizes for sheep at the Smithfield Club Cattle Show. Indeed, throughout his life he was devoted to rural pursuits. From his early boyhood he had been a keen sportsman, and for many years he had been well known in the Highlands of Scotland; he fished, stalked, and was an ardent covert-shooter up to the end of the late season. For a man of his age he was a remarkably fine shot, and only last October, though in his seventy-ninth year, he killed his two stags right and left.

His loss will be much felt, for he was not only a most honourable man, but was also possessed of a remarkable sweetness of temper and geniality of disposition. His widow (also a native of the United States, and to whom he had been married nearly fifty-eight years) survives him. The funeral took place on Tuesday last at Rowfant, Sussex, where his country seat was situated. He is succeeded in the family honours by his eldest son, George Curtis.—Our portrait is from a photograph by W. and D. Downey, London and Newcastle.

THE GERMANS AT THE CAMEROONS

THE German squadron did not take over this newly-acquired possession of theirs peaceably. Directly after their arrival, which took place on December 14th, they became engaged in serious hostilities with the natives, inflicted severe damage on the English factories, wounded an English trader, searched the Mission House and the residences of the English merchants, and altogether succeeded in stirring up bitterness and strife in a hitherto quiet district. The truth is that the coming of the Germans was unwelcome to the majority of the native chiefs, who were therefore utterly opposed to the action of King Bell, one of their number, who, in exchange for a payment of 2,000*l.*, ceded the Cameroons district to the Germans. This treaty the most numerous and influential of the chiefs refused to sign, and declared their intention to resist any attempt on the part of the Germans to enforce it. Accordingly, when the Germans attempted to land in a large steam launch from their vessels, they were received with a heavy fusillade from the natives on shore. They returned fire from a Hotchkiss gun with destructive effect, not only to the natives, but also to the English factories and Mission House. Some of these houses were entirely gutted, and the German fire is said to have been extremely wild and reckless. At last the Germans managed to land, and burnt the native town with kerosene oil. Such are the first-fruits of the German colonisation mania. It need scarcely be said that if there had been a Ministry in Downing Street capable of inspiring respect in foreign countries, these high-handed proceedings would not have occurred.

Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. J. Haynes, of the British African Steam Navigation Company.

The first sketch shows a part of Hickory Town as it appeared on January 10th. The ruins are those of the house of Lockpreese, a highly respected and powerful chief. He is what the traders style a "civilised native," and his country owes much to his energy and ability. All the improvements he has effected, however, have been destroyed by the Germans.

The tom-tom is like the toc-sin of which one reads in histories of the French Revolution. When the beating of the drum is heard the natives quit their work, and gather together either for warlike or festive purposes.

Another sketch shows the beach where the German sailors landed. The natives on the high ground, after keeping up a spirited fire on the enemy, retired into the bush, which is rendered difficult of access by a dense undergrowth of palm trees.

Aquah Town is opposite Hickory Town. King Aquah and King Bell were the only chiefs of the Cameroon River who entered into an agreement with Germany for the annexation of their country.

Bell Town was bombarded. The natives rose against the King, who fled into the interior, for selling their country to the Germans. Only two houses were left standing after the assault.

WITH SIR CHARLES WARREN'S FORCE

THESE sketches, which are by Captain S. G. Grant, of the Commissariat and Transport Corps, represent the further progress of the Bechuanaland Expedition. The troops had moved from Orange River and Langford Camp to Barkly, and these illustrations

depict some of the incidents which occurred while travelling up-country with a transport section. As the natives are noted horse-thieves, it was deemed advisable to brand the mules with broad arrows, a troublesome job. The troops marched about twenty miles a day, starting before sunrise, and halting during the midday heat. The roads in places were very heavy, the wheels sank up to the axles, but, by dint of whipping and shouting, the drivers managed to pull through. A glass of fresh milk is a refreshing drink on a hot day, but in some cases the farmers charged five shillings a pint. There was much difficulty in obtaining water for the horses and mules. Sometimes it was got from dams, at other times from wells. The water was drawn in a curious way at Stein's Farm. A horse pulled up a canvas bag, which, by an arrangement of pulleys, emptied itself into a tank, and the water then made its way into a row of tubs. The Reil River was the only stream crossed by the force, and it was easily forded, being not more than two feet deep, though there was a steep pull up on the further side. The weather was beautiful during the march, except on one night when it rained in torrents, but the troops were all snug under the waggons with the sail cloths stretched over them.

THE WAR IN EGYPT

THE CAMEL DEPOT AT SUEZ

DURING the past few weeks the quays at Suez have been presenting a quaint and unusual scene. Numbers of camels have been daily arriving from Cairo, and placed in long lines in readiness to be shipped off to Suakim for the forthcoming expedition to Berber. Some 2,400 of these animals were visible when our sketch was taken. Of these 4,000 have now been embarked for the scene of action. Each camel, after he is taken from the railway car, is branded with a number, so that he can subsequently be identified.

THE BATTLE OF KIRBEKAN

ON February 10th one of the most gallant actions of the campaign was fought at Kirbekan, opposite Dulka Island, seventy-three miles above Merawi, and a short distance above Berti. For more than a fortnight the troops under General Earle had been toiling up the most difficult part of the river, happily unmolested by the enemy, who invariably retired on their advance. Why the Arabs did not make an attack at one of the rapids or gorges through which the troops had to pass is difficult to say. Some of our sketches will show the dangers of the navigation from Merawi, particularly that of the Gordon Highlanders towing their boats up the rapids beyond the Fourth Cataract, and "pulling for dear life" opposite Kauli Island (4th February). This was one of the worst points, as, if the boats were not very carefully steered, and kept stem on to the stream, nothing could save them from being swept down the terrible fall below. Two days previously Berti, where the enemy had been expected to make a stand, had been occupied in force, and the deaths of Colonel Hamill Stewart and of Messrs. Power and Herbin had been avenged by the destruction of the houses of their murderers and the burning of the villages whose denizens had taken part in the outrage. On the 9th February, General Earle and the main body of his troops, consisting of the Black Watch, South Staffordshire Regiment, some squadrons of the 19th Hussars, a battery of Egyptian artillery, under Captain Carter, and about 150 of the Egyptian Camel Corps, encamped off Dulka Island, and formed a zeriba on the left bank of the river. It was ascertained that the enemy, 2,000 strong, were lying concealed in a range of high and rugged rocks close by, and accordingly General Earle determined to attack them the next morning. At 5.30 A.M., on the 10th, breakfast was served out, and two companies of the Staffordshire Regiment and two guns being left to guard the Hospital Corps and the boats, the troops were marched to the rocks. Our bird's-eye view of the battle will give some idea of the rugged nature of the ground. The enemy lay concealed in the clefts and behind the crags and poured a sharp fire upon our troops, a portion of whom, including some of the South Staffordshires and the artillery, were advancing upon their front, while the remainder with the Highlanders and Hussars had been despatched to take the Arabs' position in rear by the left flank. Our troops on reaching the rocks gallantly rushed up the ascent, and it was in leading the South Staffordshires while ascending a hill on the second ridge that Colonel Eyre fell. A most desperate struggle ensued. "Behind every rock, crag, and stone," wrote the *Daily News* correspondent, "a hidden or half concealed enemy opened a murderous fire. . . . The men dashed right at wherever aperture or passage, however narrow, could be found. . . . Like wild beasts of the forest surprised in their lair the Arabs fought at bay with the courage of desperation, having the vantage ground everywhere. And thus against desperate odds our gallant soldiers, in spite of a withering fire all round, gained rock after rock, fortress after fortress, behind which the well-directed aim of the Arabs dealt death at every shot. Inch by inch, foot by foot the Highlanders on the left and South Stafford men on the right pressed forward and gained ground, while the black granite beneath their feet became red and slippery from gore." Captain Carter and his artillery and the South Staffordshires from the front had also worked their way up the hills despite the most determined resistance. For several hours the battle raged most fiercely, and towards its close, the troops having reached a brick built house on an elevation, General Earle walked up to it to see what it contained. A sergeant cried to him, "Don't go near it, sir, there are men inside," and hardly were the words out of his mouth than the General fell, shot through the head. The house was surrounded, and as it was impossible to force an entrance it was set on fire, and an opening blown with powder. The inmates refused to come out, and were all killed. By three in the afternoon all resistance was at an end, and the position was in our hands. The enemy suffered severely, and the dead lay thick amongst the rocks. On our side, General Earle, Colonel Eyre, and Lieutenant-Colonel Coveny were killed, together with eight non-commissioned officers and privates. The officers were subsequently buried, as one of our sketches shows, with all due military honours under a palm tree near the British camp—a salute of twenty-one guns being fired over their graves. Next morning, Major-General Brackenbury having assumed the command, the advance up the river was continued through the narrow gorge of "Rackabit el Gamel," or the Camel's Neck, where the Arabs at Kirbekan would probably have assailed us with fearful success had not General Earle wisely decided to attack and disperse them in the battle in which he lost his life. The latest sketch, dated February 14th, is taken near the Pyramids of Meroe from a village in which the troops had passed the night.

ARMY HOSPITAL AT EL-GUBAT

"WHEN we arrived on the Nile," writes our artist, Mr. F. Villiers, "after our three trying fights, we had not much wherewith to make our wounded comfortable. We succeeded eventually in looting numerous bedsteads from neighbouring villages. Then, with covers rigged up out of blankets, supported by rifles and bayonets, the terrible heat of the sun was to a certain extent kept off the poor fellows."

THE EVACUATION OF EL-GUBAT

"ON Saturday, February 14th, orders were issued to every one remaining in El-Gubat to prepare for a start. Two days' provisions only were to be taken, and all the remaining stores were either destroyed by fire or thrown into the Nile. About 150 good saddles were also destroyed, quantities of flour were thrown away, while the

earthworks, which had given so much trouble to make only the week before, were now broken down as far as possible. Everything that could not be carried away was destroyed or rendered useless. The guns from Gordon's steamers were thrown overboard, and the salient parts of the machinery were removed, so that the vessels could not be utilised. The orders were carried out quickly, and as quietly as possible. The garrison bivouacked outside the works that night, and next morning all the troops started on their return march. The enemy did not attempt to attack us till the evening of the second day's march, when we were encamped at the Abu Klea Wells. They then suddenly appeared streaming over the hills on our left, whence they kept up an incessant fire on our camp night and day." The *Daily Telegraph* correspondent feelingly describes the work of destruction which took place on the evening of the 14th. Tons of stores which had been so much trouble to transport were destroyed, including all surplus ammunition and rifles. The work of destruction went on until midnight, and even then was far from complete, many of the tins of meat being merely thrown upon the river's bank, while the hospital equipments, tents, bedding, clothing, and medicines were left lying on the ground, together with a pile of boxes and some ammunition. However, on leaving the camp, these stores were fired by placing lighted candles beneath the boxes, so that when they burned low they ignited a quantity of muslin. The force marched out numbered 1,675 officers and men, with 1,179 camels.

THE DEFENCES OF SUAKIM

THESE sketches by a naval officer are taken from outside the walls, looking direct into the town, and will give some idea of the chain of defences which have been erected by our engineers during the past autumn and winter:—

No. 1 is the *Left Redoubt*, garrisoned by Egyptians. The walls are of coral stone, protected by mud wall on the outside.

No. 2 is the *Sphinx Redoubt*, coral stone houses, fortified and protected by mud walls on the outside. It is defended by two Gatlings and a Krupp gun, and is garrisoned by Royal Marines.

No. 3 is called *Left Water Fort*, and is built of coral stone. It contains one French gun, one mountain gun, and one Gatling gun. It is built on a mound, and is surrounded by zeriba of mimosa bush and broken glass.

No. 4 shows *Tabiat-el-Yemin*, coral stone house, surrounded by mud wall. It contains one Krupp gun and two mountain guns, and is garrisoned by Egyptian troops.

No. 5 is *Island Redoubt*, coral stone house, surrounded by mud wall and one Gatling gun.

No. 6. *Fort Foullah* is built of coral stone on rising mound, one Krupp and one mountain gun.

No. 7. *Forts Carysfort and Euryalus*.—Coral stone houses, fortified, surrounded by wall and ditch and zeriba of mimosa bush. In Fort Carysfort are one French and a mountain gun manned by Marines; in Fort Euryalus one Krupp gun, two Gatlings manned by Egyptians. There is an electric light on the top of Fort Carysfort, and a naval engineer and three men are told off to attend it.

No. 8. *H Redoubt* is a small redoubt built of solid blocks of cement and railway irons, surrounded by ditch. There is an earthwork in front for a Krupp gun, which is supplemented by a French gun, and a Gatling.

No. 9. *Sandbag Redoubt*, is built of sandbags and planks, with the upper portion of a tent for the roof. It is surrounded by ditch and zeriba of mimosa bush. Royal Marines have been encamped on right of sketch in an entrenched camp with ditch. The armament of the redoubt consists of one Krupp gun, one French gun, one mountain gun, and one Gatling.

No. 10. *Tabiat-el-Wustanish* is a coral stone house, surrounded by mud wall and ditch. There are no guns.

No. 11. *Tabiat-el-Ansari* is formed of coral stone houses, surrounded by mud wall and ditch, with mimosa bush. There are one Gatling, one Krupp, and one mountain gun.

No. 12 is *Right Water Fort*.—It is built of coral stone on rising earth mound, surrounded by stone wall and zeriba of mimosa. It contains one Gatling, one Krupp, and one mountain gun.

HOISTING THE ITALIAN FLAG AT MASSOWAH

OUR sketch is from an English naval officer, who writes:—"The Italian flagship *Amerigo Vespucci* and a large transport arrived on the morning of February the 5th, followed in the afternoon by the Italian frigate *Garibaldi* and the French gunboat *Rénard*. Subsequently the troops were landed on the causeway which connects the second island with the mainland. Part of them marched to a village called Mooculla, on the mainland, where they occupied a fort. The remainder marched into the town and occupied forts on both islands. One of the forts commands the entrance of the harbour, and the other the island end of the second causeway. The Italian flag was hoisted at both forts simultaneously. The Egyptian flag remained flying. As nothing was known ashore of the intended occupation until the troops landed, the Egyptian officials were considerably surprised and somewhat annoyed at the proceedings, but yielded under protest to superior force. With the exception of the guards left in the forts and palace, the whole of the troops are under canvas on the island in the harbour. About 1,100 men landed. They belong to the corps of Bersaglieri, and are a very fine-looking regiment."

THE DAILY PARADE BEFORE THE GERMAN EMPEROR

TO-MORROW, March 22nd, the Emperor William of Germany attains his eighty-eighth year, thus being the oldest sovereign in the world. Notwithstanding his great age, however, the Emperor is apparently fairly hale, hearty, still works indefatigably at the affairs of State, and is perfectly capable of enduring the fatigues of a hunt, of a long railway journey, and of attending courtly ceremonies and military parades and reviews. When possible he is punctilious in attending any military display, and one of the most interesting sights in Berlin is to watch for the Emperor's appearance at his study window on the ground floor of his palace during the daily march past of the Guards. "The street," recently wrote a correspondent of the *Times*, "is besieged by crowds eager to get a glance of the grand old monarch, where, at the precise hour of noon, he is attracted to the window of his study by the martial tread of his helmeted 'children,' as, straight as ramrods, they pass by to relieve the main-guard. The sun may fail to break through the clouds and the wire may refuse to obey the electric touch, but the Emperor never omits responding to the call of the military music, and to smile and nod approval to his stalwart Grenadiers as they swing past beneath his window and the statue of Frederick the Great, which may be regarded as the apotheosis of the Prussian nation."

"COUSIN ISIDOR"

A NEW STORY, by Mrs. Frances Eleanor Trollope, and illustrated by Robert Barnes, is concluded in this week's number.

SHOW OF THE HACKNEY STUD-BOOK SOCIETY

THE Hackney Stud Book Society, which now numbers 370 members, was constituted nearly two years ago to improve the breed, and to promote the breeding of, hackneys, roadsters, cobs, and ponies, and to keep a stud-book of such horses. The first London Show held by the Society was opened on the 3rd inst. at the Agricultural Hall. The entries included over ninety hackney,

cob, and pony stallions; nearly fifty mares; and thirty thoroughbred stallions. In addition, by permission of the Duke of Cambridge, a number of specimens of army remounts for Royal Horse and Field Artillery and Royal Engineers were exhibited in the Hall. The Prince and Princess of Wales visited the Show, and witnessed a parade of the horses, among which were some very fine specimens.

The incident selected by our artist for illustration is where the grooms are showing the paces and action of the animals of which they are in charge. In one of the Hackney Stallion classes the men are trotting the horses round the ring. Some are led, others are driven; each groom endeavours to show his charge to the best advantage, and encourages them both by voice and hand. Most of the horses were fine high-stepping animals, with plenty of bone and muscle.



AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE on Wednesday afternoon the Convention for the re-organisation of the Egyptian finances received the signature of Lord Granville, with those of the French, German, Russian, Austrian, and Italian ambassadors.

IN THE PRESENT CRITICAL STATE of our foreign relations preparations are being made against eventualities. The details for two army corps, to be despatched wherever their services may be required, have, it is rumoured, been arranged at the Horse Guards, and the Transport Department of the Admiralty has a fleet of vessels in readiness. Stringent orders have been issued prohibiting the admission of unauthorised persons to the forts round the coast, and especially to the works which guard the entrances to the Thames and the Mersey. The guns and carriages in the various forts are being daily inspected that they may be seen to be in working order.

IN THE EVENT of serious complications necessitating the despatch of a large military force from Great Britain the Volunteer Force will be invited to supply Volunteers for active service. This important announcement was made "on authority" by Colonel Routledge, commanding the Second Volunteer Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, at a complimentary dinner given him on Tuesday—General Sir R. W. Wilbraham of that regiment presiding—in appreciation of his twenty-five years' service in the Volunteer Force.

NO MEETING could in its composition be more influential than that which was held at the Mansion House on Saturday to consider a proposal for the application of the Gordon National Memorial Fund, then amounting to more than 6,000*l.*, presided over as it was by the Prince of Wales, and addressed by his Royal Highness, by Lord Granville, the Lord Chancellor, and Cardinal Manning. It was resolved that the fund should be applied in the first instance to aid in the erection of a "Gordon Memorial Hospital" at Port Said, where the Egyptian hospital is in a disgraceful condition, though it is the only one which can be resorted to by the sailors and others passing through the Suez Canal. It was further resolved that any surplus accruing after this object has been attained should be applied to some benevolent purpose, of a kind specially accordant with General Gordon's philanthropic character.

NEVERTHELESS, General Gordon's family wish the fund to be wholly devoted to some such purpose as that just mentioned. On the morning after the meeting at the Mansion House, publicity was given to a letter from Miss Gordon, expressing her desire and that of her "brother, Sir Henry Gordon, that the National Memorial should take the form of a home for poor neglected boys to train them and make them respectable members of society." Miss Gordon added, "He" (General Gordon) "would wish this, would he not? How distasteful would monuments, statues, &c., be to him?"

THE GENERAL APPROVAL bestowed on the compromise in regard to Redistribution arranged by the Government and the Opposition leaders was broken by the complaints of Conservative M.P.'s that they had not been consulted, and the Irish Conservatives among them even thought of constituting themselves a Fifth Party. The desertion of their leader by the bulk of the party in the House of Commons on Friday last week in the division on the reduction in the number of representatives for the City of London, brought matters to a head. Accordingly, a conference was held at the Carlton Club on Monday between Sir Stafford Northcote and the Marquis of Salisbury on the one hand, and the Conservative members of the House of Commons on the other. The leaders, it is understood, complained of the conduct of their followers, and the followers of that of their leaders. Ultimately, it seems, the leaders announced what provisions they considered vital in the remaining clauses of the Bill, and temporary harmony, it is said, was established.

LADY JOHN MANNERS appeals through the press for financial and other support to the Ladies' Branch of the National Aid Society, established to contribute to the comfort of our soldiers in the Sudan. The Princess of Wales is its President, and all subscriptions should be sent to its treasurer, the Countess of Rosebery, at Lansdown House.

THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE EASTER MONDAY REVIEW at Brighton are proceeding satisfactorily. Six thousand officers and men are to take part in the march from London on April 2nd and 3rd in two brigades supposed to be the advanced guard of an army corps proceeding against an imaginary force attempting a landing in the direction of Newhaven.

SURGEON-GENERAL CRAWFORD, Director-General of the Army Medical Staff, with other officers, non-medical and medical, of high rank, was present at an informal inspection at the Wellington Barracks, mainly devoted to stretcher drill, of the newly-formed Volunteer Medical Staff Corps, and congratulated the battalion on the progress made by it in so short a time.

THE RECENT CONFERENCE at the Mansion House on the condition of the unemployed of London has resulted in the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the causes of and remedies for permanent metropolitan distress. It is thoroughly, and even strikingly, representative in its character, including as it does not only the Bishop of Bedford, Cardinal Manning, and the Rev. A. Mearns, but Mr. Frederic Harrison and Mr. George Howell.

ON MONDAY came off the keenly-expected discussion in the Dublin Corporation on the motion, seconded by a Roman Catholic and Home Ruler, for the presentation of a loyal address to the Prince and Princess of Wales on the occasion of their Irish visit. Representing the design of the visit to be to check the Nationalist movement and to hide in the glitter attending it the misery and discontent of the Irish people, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., moved an amendment affirming that, while most desirous that no disrespect should be shown to the Royal visitors, the Corporation deemed it a duty to abstain from taking any part in their reception. The amendment was carried by forty-one votes to seventeen.

ON THE OTHER HAND, the Dublin Chamber of Commerce, responding to a numerous-signed memorial, have formed a Citizens' Committee, at a meeting of which this week, fully attended by representatives of the banking, mercantile, and railway interests in the Irish capital, it was resolved that a citizens' address should be presented to their Royal Highnesses, and that they should be invited

to a citizens' ball. In the provinces, especially in the North, such public bodies as the Grand Juries and the Town Commissioners are preparing to present loyal addresses.

THE CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY, which fell on Tuesday, was, both in London and Dublin, almost wholly religious and festive, there being in neither capital the usual popular and outdoor demonstrations of Irish national feeling. At a banquet, however, preceding a ball, given in Westminster Town Hall, in honour of the day, Mr. Parnell, who presided, made a speech in consonance with the toast which he proposed, "Ireland a Nation."

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his seventy-fifth year, of Sir William Knighton, son of the first baronet of the same name and surname, well known as the confidential servant of George IV., to whom he was private secretary and Keeper of the Privy Purse; in his twenty-third year, at Trinity College, Cambridge, from injuries received through a fall from a bicycle, of Sir J. G. Aylmer, of Donadea Castle, county Kildare; in his sixty-seventh year of Dr. Cassall, Professor of French in University College, London, and in the Royal Naval College, Greenwich; in his seventy-fourth year, of Mr. Joseph J. Jenkins, the well-known water-colour painter, for thirty-four years a member, and for ten years Secretary, of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, for the history of which he had collected considerable material; and of Sir Curtis M. Lampson, Bart., whose portrait and memoir we publish elsewhere.



MR. BURNAND'S new burlesque at the Gaiety has achieved a success which recalls the brightest triumphs of this popular home of entertainments of this class. A little late on the first night, signs of impatience attended the fall of the curtain; but the piece now concludes at the regular time, and the new "ride-diculous one-horse burlesque, in three hacks," otherwise *Maseppa, or, Bound to Win*, awakens roars of laughter, and appears to give unbounded pleasure to Mr. Hollingshead's patrons. Miss E. Farnen as Casimir, Mr. Edward Terry as Count Premislav, and Mr. Royce as Laurinski, are, we need hardly say, the three sustaining pillars of this elaborate, but certainly not ponderous, structure of rhymes and puns, and topical allusions and reckless jests; but the entire strength of this most efficient of extravaganza companies—including Miss Phyllis Broughton, Mr. Warde, Miss Kate Leamar, Mr. Dallas, and Miss Clara Jecks—is brought into full requisition. Nor must we forget Miss Farnen, whose "What cheer, Zeppa?" an adaptation of Miss Bessie Bellwood's popular music-hall ditty, "What cheer, Ria?" arouses a perfect frenzy of delight. Provided, in addition to these attractions, with brilliant and picturesque scenery and costumes, *Maseppa* seems likely to secure a long lease of popularity.

THE AVENUE Theatre has reopened, under the management of Miss Violet Melnotte, with a new farcical comedy in which that lady herself appears. The title of this new production, which is from the pens of the authors of a piece called *Flirtation*, is *Tact*—a term which it is difficult to connect with the subject selected for treatment. Indeed, as regards most of the personages introduced in the course of the action, the chief characteristic would appear to be an entire absence of the quality to which attention is thus called. Arriving at the house of a friend for a stay of at least several days, three gentlemen find themselves in some unexplained way without any luggage, and hence various shifts and subterfuges with a view to putting in a presentable appearance at dinner time. Mr. Odell is in this way made to cut a ridiculous figure in a coat which reaches only half-way down his back; and Mr. Walter Everard, as a young lover, makes protestations to the lady of his choice while seriously handicapped by a voluminous garment, which he is under the necessity of hitching up from time to time, after the manner of the late Mr. T. P. Cooke in *Black-Eyed Susan*. Drolleries of this kind are perhaps permissible in a piece which is professedly nothing but a lengthy farce; but, when too exclusively relied upon, they are apt to lose their intended effect. As a matter of fact, this proved actually the case, notwithstanding the valuable aid which the authors received from Mr. Charles Groves, Miss Sophie Larkin, and other excellent performers who are included in the cast.

The statement that the Lord Chamberlain has declined to license *Theodora* for the English stage is, we learn, wholly incorrect. The play has not been submitted to him.

The pantomime at DRURY LANE will be played for the last time on Wednesday next. It has enjoyed the longest run on record. At the risk of being deemed indiscreet, we may state that *Aladdin* will be the next theme of the Drury Lane pantomime librettist. So elaborate are the details of this kind of entertainment that numbers of busy heads and hands are already engaged in the necessary preparations, both artistic and mechanical.

Mr. Henderson writes to say that he has not let, nor does he intend to let, the COMEDY Theatre.

A FANCY BAZAAR and MARKET in aid of the National Industrial Home for Crippled Boys, Woolthorpe House, Kensington, will be held next May, in order to pay off the debt on the new buildings, and admit twenty boys now waiting reception. Princess Louise patronises the undertaking, and contributions will be gratefully received by the Secretary at the Home.

EASTER CARDS.—We don't "hold"—as Mrs. Brown used to say—with Easter cards, believing that Christmas and St. Valentine's Day are quite often enough in the year for this postmanicidal diversion, but, as Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. and Mr. Arthur Ackerman (importer of Prang's American Cards) have just issued some very pretty Easter cards, we simply chronicle the fact for the benefit of those whom it may concern. In Mr. Ackerman's parcel there are also some exceedingly tastefully-designed and well-printed birthday cards.

THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE NEWSVENDORS' BENEVOLENT AND PROVIDENT INSTITUTION took place last week in the Prince's Hall, under the presidency of Mr. Forster. As all classes nowadays are newspaper readers, and are greatly indebted to the newsvendor community for the early hour at which their journals are delivered at their breakfast-tables in all weathers, such an institution should meet with far more support than it does from the purses of the general public. At present, though the charity has been in existence for over forty-six years, it has only acquired an invested capital of barely 10,000*l.* Mr. Forster made an eloquent appeal in this respect at the dinner at Prince's Hall. This festival, by the way, was noticeable for three novelties: firstly, the presence of ladies at the dinner; secondly, a *conversazione* in the picture galleries after the speeches; and, thirdly, the admirable ventilation of the hall, which, notwithstanding the large assemblage, remained beautifully cool throughout the whole evening. The amount realised at the dinner was 708*l.*, and further contributions will be gratefully received by the Secretary, Mr. Walter W. Jones, 28, St. Martin's Lane, E.C.



THE INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION at South Kensington will be opened on Monday, May 4th.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS have elected two new Associates—Messrs. Heywood Hardy and Charles Robertson.

TELEPHONIC COMMUNICATION has been brought thoroughly within reach of the public in Paris. Since last Sunday any person can obtain five minutes' use of the telephone in one of the branch offices for the small sum of 5*d.*

THE AMER OF AFGHANISTAN has been obliged to bear a bad toothache, without relief, for reasons of State. Abdul Rahman asked a British dentist in Upper India to come to Cabul and treat the objectionable tooth, but the Foreign Office actually forbade the dentist to take the journey,—so says the *Times of India*.

PATRIOTISM RUNS AS HIGH amongst the Berlin cabbies as with the Parisian Jehu who declined to take a fare from Victor Hugo. Lately Marshal von Moltke drove home from the Reichstag in a passing carriage, and on reaching the house the cabman positively refused to be paid his due, declaring that the honour of driving so great a man was sufficient reward.

RAPHAEL'S "MADONNA DI SAN SISTO," in the Dresden Gallery, has been carefully cleaned and revarnished, and the restoration is said to have done no harm to the original colouring. On the other hand, Titian's "Tribute-Penny," similarly treated, looks decidedly brighter in colour in several places, owing, it is thought, to the new coat of varnish being slightly thinner than the old.

EXTRACTING A FISH'S TEETH is rather a novelty in dental operations, but has been successfully accomplished by an American pisciculturist. A big Californian trout in an aquarium persistently chased and bit his companions, so his owner seized the fish and pulled out his teeth with a pair of pincers. The fish was none the worse in health, and has now settled down as a peaceful member of the aquarium.

THE GLORIES OF OLD BATH in the early part of this century are to be commemorated in a May-Day Festival, now being organised, the *Bath Herald* tells us. The historical celebrities who frequented Bath in its fashionable days will be represented in faithful costume—Beau Nash and his white hat, the Princess Amelia, &c., and the minuet will be a leading feature of the entertainment.

FURTHER ASCENTS OF THE HIMALAYAS are being planned by Mr. Graham in order to fully establish the statements of his previous ascents and measurements. He has accordingly been at Interlaken organising a large expedition of fifteen practised Alpine guides and porters, headed by the Grindelwald guide, Boss, who accompanied him previously, and a Government engineer, to take the exact altitudes. Mr. Graham, by the way, recently made a winter ascent of the Jungfrau, under considerable difficulties, several of the guides having their toes frost-bitten.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,678 deaths were registered, against 1,495 during the previous seven days, a rise of 183, but being 154 below the average, and at the rate of 21*4* per 1,000. There were 22 deaths from small-pox (an increase of 6, and 5 below the weekly average), 51 from measles (a fall of 1, but 17 above the average), 7 from scarlet fever (a decline of 8), 8 from diphtheria (a fall of 7), 49 from whooping-cough (an increase of 12), 2 from typhus, 8 from enteric fever (a rise of 1), 14 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 7), and not one either from an ill-defined form of continued fever or from cholera. The number of small-pox patients in the Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals fell to 898 last Saturday, against 988 the previous week. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 455, an increase of 81, but were 30 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 75 deaths; 68 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 28 from fractures and contusions, 8 from burns and scalds, 4 from drowning, and 23 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Four cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,737 births registered, against 2,623 the previous week, being 173 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 38*2* deg., and 2*6* deg. below the average. The duration of bright sunshine was 15*6* hours, against 25*8* hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.

THE COMING PARIS SALON is now occupying Gallic art amateurs, as all the pictures have been sent in and critics are considering what works will be the chief *clous* of the Exhibition. Among the most prominent artists M. Cabanel contributes a portrait of a young American girl in white, and a small sketch of Jephtha's daughter, M. Bouguereau has a mythological work, "Biblis Changed Into a Fountain," and a diptych representing the Adoration of the Magi and of the Shepherds, M. Constant sends one of his favourite Eastern scenes, "The Cherif's Justice," M. Mercie, "Michael Angelo Studying Anatomy," M. Berne Bellocour, troops disembarking, and M. Deltaille, Russian army types, while two interesting portrait groups will be M. Gervex's "Sitting of the Salon Jury," and Mlle. Abbéma's "Afternoon Music," a scene in her studio, with the likenesses of well-known actresses. While anticipating the future, Parisians have plenty of art in the present, for fresh collections continue to open. The Delacroix Exhibition at the School of Fine Arts is a great success, and ample profits seem likely to be forthcoming for the artist's statue, although several of his most noted paintings could not be moved for exhibition, his "Jewish Wedding" and "Wreck of the Medusa" at the Louvre, for instance. Close by, the works of Bastien Lepage are now on view, his studies and sketches being shown with the completed pictures, and in the Louvre a Black and White Exhibition has again been tried, a similar attempt having failed miserably some years back. This time, however, the collection is remarkably good. Yet one more artistic Association has been founded—the Pastel Society—who intend to open their first Exhibition in April, and to organise annual displays.

THE GORDON MEMORIAL

A MONUMENT to Gordon! England, say!
Shall sculptured marble blazon forth his fame?
He needs it not—that would not add one ray
To the bright halo that surrounds his name.

No costly column pointing to the sky
Will him to English hearts the more endear.
We read his story in the kindling eye,
The bent, bare head, the tributary tear.

And though to pour our gold and silver in,
Be deemed an honour by a mourning land—
A sacred duty—surely 'twere a sin
To leave unpaid a tribute yet more grand.

Feed we the starving, free the fettered slave
In far Soudan, and play his noble part!
That were a monument to fill the grave
Of one who slumbers in his country's heart.

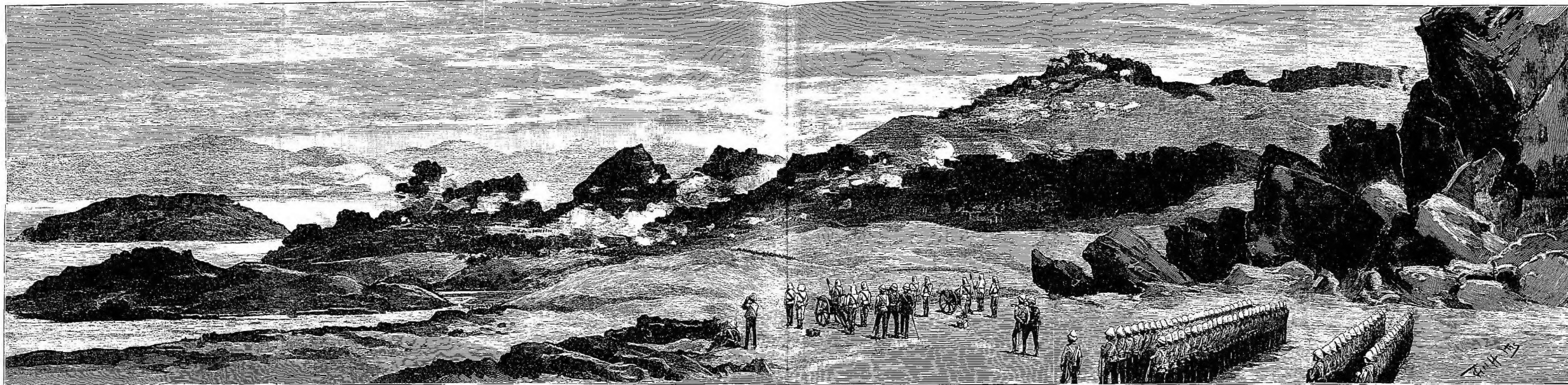
F. B. D.

ISLAND TO WHICH SOME OF THE ENEMY ESCAPED
BY SWIMMING

LEFT OF ENEMY'S POSITION, CARRIED FROM
THE REAR BY THE FORTY-SECOND
ABI HAMAD ROAD

GORGE STRONGLY HELD BY THE ENEMY.
GENERAL EARLE FELL HERE

ENEMY'S MAIN POSITION, 400 FEET HIGH, TAKEN BY FIRST SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE

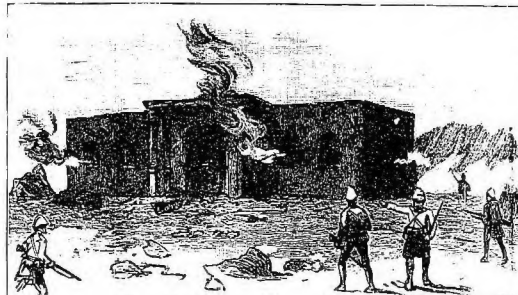


TWO GUNS, THIRD BATTERY, EGYPTIAN ARTILLERY
GENERAL VIEW OF THE BATTLE OF KIRBEKAN, FEB. 10

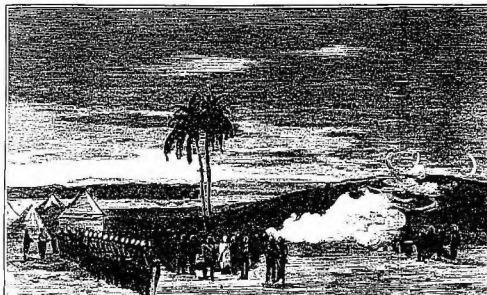
TWO COMPANIES, FIRST SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE



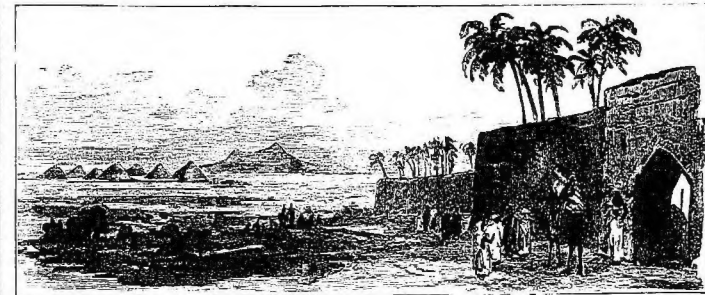
THE VILLAGE OF BERTI IN FLAMES



FORTIFIED HOUSE HELD BY THE ARABS



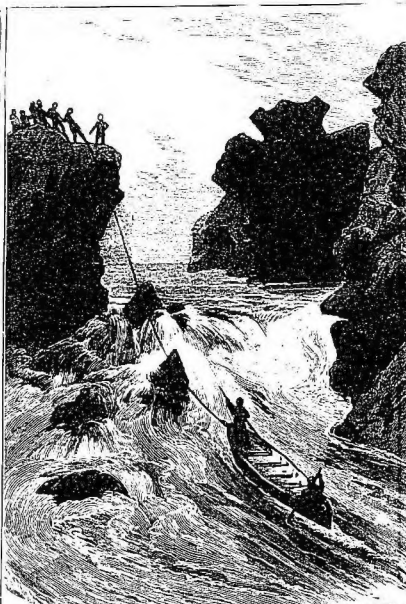
THE BURIAL OF GENERAL EARLE AND
COLONELS COVENY AND EYRE



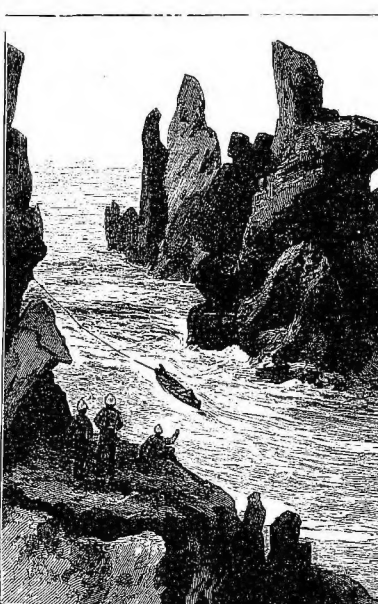
DISTANT VIEW OF THE PYRAMIDS OF MEROE, FEB. 14



PULLING FOR DEAR LIFE IN THE RAPIDS NEAR KAULI ISLAND



CAMEL'S NECK—RAPIDS DEFENDED BY THE
REBELS NEAR DULKA ISLAND



GORDON HIGHLANDERS TOWING UP THE
RAPIDS ABOVE FOURTH CATARACT



GORDON HIGHLANDERS TOWING BOATS UP A CATARACT

WITH THE LATE GENERAL EARLE'S FORCE ON ITS ADVANCE UP THE NILE
FROM SKETCHES BY MILITARY OFFICERS



THERE is comparatively little military news from the SOUDAN this week. At Korti Lord Wolseley has been busily arranging for the summer quarters of his troops, and is going to Merawi to inspect the vanguard of our forces on the Nile, and a portion of the Guards have already been sent to Dongola. The last detachment of General Buller's force has now come in from the desert, whence all the stores and ammunition which had been deposited at the various wells have been brought back to Korti. Several natives have arrived in our lines from Khartoum. They report that there is disaffection among the Mahdi's followers, who are disappointed at the small amount of loot found at Khartoum, which from all accounts seems to have been remorselessly sacked. Moreover, a rebellion appears to have broken out in Kordofan. The Mahdi is stated to have been exceedingly angry at the death of General Gordon, as he had given the most stringent orders to his followers to spare his life. He is at present encamped at Omdurman, and is strongly warned by his advisers not to cross the desert to meet us, as his troops are unwilling to fight a pitched battle with the British troops. From Berber, also, the Intelligence Department has received a letter stating that the rebel *régime* is eminently unpopular, and that the garrison now only consists of 3,400 men, while an excellent impression has been produced by the fact that the British troops pay well for their produce, and do not compel natives to sell provisions at a nominal figure.

At Suakim all is preparation for the advance. The first movement forward would be to Handab, and was expected to take place on Friday, when a column of 4,000 men would probably be told off for that purpose. Osman Digma's force is now reckoned to number 7,000 men, and he is showing himself as active as ever in making harassing attempts upon our troops. Last week the night surprises became seriously frequent, and several sentries were killed by Arabs who had crept stealthily and unseen into our lines. On General Graham's arrival, however, more stringent precautions were at once observed, and the whole formation of the camp was concentrated into three sides of a square, the sea forming the rear side. The lines at night were further protected by a curtain of bush fences and wire entanglements, and all natives were disarmed at sundown, and suspicious characters expelled from the camp. Native scouts are also utilised, their keen sight being of great use to our sentries. In one of the night surprises—on the night of February 11th—Osman's lion standard bearer was killed. This man—formerly a wharf porter at Suakim—was a native of herculean strength, and a great favourite with Osman, who is stated to be extremely concerned that his body was not carried away, as he feared that it would be burned by the Sikhs. The works for the railway have already been begun, and 220 navvies are at work. The difficulties of constructing the line, however, are thought to have been greatly underestimated.

At CAIRO some sensation has been caused by the sudden arrest of Zebehr Pasha and his two sons. They have long been suspected of treasonable correspondence with the Mahdi, and proof of this is stated to have been found during the march up the Nile of General Brackenbury's column. The arrest was effected by the British military authorities without the slightest notice, all their papers were seized, and the three prisoners at once taken on board the *Iris*, which steamed off under sealed orders. With regard to the definitive financial settlement, now that the Convention has been signed by the Powers there is a general feeling of relief. The main provisions of this agreement have already been given. Thus the annual administration expenditure of Egypt is fixed at 5,237,000*l.*, including 200,000*l.* towards the expenses of the army of occupation, and the amount to be raised by taxation is to be 9,000,000*l.* To meet this additional source of revenue have been created in the form of a tax on foreigners, a deduction of 5 per cent. from the bondholders' coupons, and of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. from the amount paid to England as interest on the Suez Canal shares. Careful inquiries are to be made during the next two years into the revenues of Egypt, and if it is found possible the above deductions are to be repaid. If not, the Khédive is to summon an International Commission to further inquire into Egyptian finance. A loan of 9,000,000*l.* at 3½ per cent. is to be raised under an International Guarantee, which, however, does not involve any power of international interference in Egyptian affairs. As to the Suez Canal, an International Commission is to meet at Paris at the close of this month to frame an Act on the basis of Lord Granville's proposals for the free navigation of the Canal.

The action of ITALY on the East African coast, and the occupation of Massowah, have been officially "explained" by Signor Mancini in the Italian Parliament. He declared that in sending troops to the Red Sea Italy acted on her own initiative and her own responsibility. Italian policy was neither English nor French, but Italian. What future action will be taken "must depend on events which cannot be foreseen," but Colonel Saletta has orders not to allow the formation of any insurrectionary bands in the neighbourhood of Massowah. As to any agreement with England on the fall of Khartoum, it was intimated to the British Government that if asked Italy was "ready to take her part in the civilising mission undertaken by England." The British Cabinet expressed its thanks, but declared at that moment that "England could and must be sufficient to herself." Since then, added the Minister, "our relations with Great Britain have been marked by the utmost friendliness." Why Italy sent troops to Massowah is apparently not "explained," but Signor Mancini took great pains to impress his hearers that in all negotiations with England he had made it clear that no arrangements would be made which were contrary to the agreement concluded between Italy, Germany, and Austria. The general feeling both in Parliamentary circles and indeed throughout Italy is wholly favourable to the "understanding" with England, and the colonial expansion policy of the Government. Italy is quite prepared to take the field in the Soudan if necessary, and the Minister of War has announced that if required he could send a force of 20,000 men to the Red Sea without injury to the defensive force of the kingdom.

Our relations with RUSSIA in Central Asia are somewhat less strained this week, though on the whole the situation is scarcely more satisfactory. An assurance has been given by the Russian Government that their troops shall not advance beyond their present positions, "provided also that the Afghan forces do not advance or attack, or unless in the case of some extraordinary reason—such, for instance, as a disturbance in Penjdeh." As the Russians are to be the sole judges of what constitutes an "extraordinary reason," it is satisfactory to hear that the same latitude of conduct applies equally to ourselves. At the same time, stringent orders have been issued to the Russian commanders to avoid any conflict, or incitement to conflict, while on our side we have exhorted the Afghans to exercise a similar moderation. All this arrangement, however, is merely a truce pending negotiations, and the main question is in no way affected thereby. The Russian press, however, which had been unanimously hostile, and which had been insisting not merely upon Russia holding what she has seized, but urging an immediate advance upon Herat, has become more conciliatory during the last day or so. Perhaps our reconciliation with Germany, a gentle hint from the Austrian press that the old anti-Russian feeling in Hungary has not died out, the concentration of our troops on the North

Western Indian frontier, and the war preparations in England may have something to do with all this. The general impression throughout Europe is that there will be no war, but it is thought unlikely that Russia will draw back. In Germany and Austria the union of British Conservatives and Liberals in the face of foreign aggression is warmly praised, but in France, as usual, there is an irresistible tendency to sneer at Great Britain and her policy. England is pronounced to have submitted to yet another humiliation, and to have wondrously changed since the *civis Romanus sum* declarations of Lord Palmerston.

In GERMANY the reconciliation with England is now pronounced to be complete, and the visit of the Prince of Wales to the Emperor William, to congratulate him on his eighty-eighth birthday, has been looked upon as a conclusive sign of the restoration of the former friendly relations between the two countries. Accordingly Prince Bismarck was most complimentary towards the English in his Reichstag speeches on the Bill for subsidising colonial lines of steamers this week, and scathingly denounced an assertion of Dr. Windthorst that the relations between England and Germany were now "in a blaze." Prince Bismarck declared himself dumbfounded by such a statement, and, taking up a telegraphic report of Mr. Gladstone's speech, asked how, in the face of such assurances of friendship, the impression could be entertained that "everything between ourselves and England is still in flames?" "Mr. Gladstone's words," declared Prince Bismarck, "emphasise the friendship between England and Germany which Herr Windthorst doubts, in contradiction to my former assurances. Those statements expressly accentuate that, so far as Germany is concerned, Mr. Gladstone will stand behind no one in his liking for this country." Prince Bismarck then declared that an alarmist feeling with regard to foreign complications was fostered by discontented politicians, who hoped to gain their own ends by means of war. In a subsequent speech Prince Bismarck also repudiated the insinuation made by Herr Richter, the Liberal Leader, that the reconciliation had been effected through dynastic considerations. He protested against the want of patriotism shown by such a suggestion, and declared that "the introduction of dynastic interests into great national interests which may cause divergencies between States has never been profitable to dynasties." To turn to internal affairs, the Steamer Subsidies Bill has been passed, as far as the Australian line is concerned, the amount voted being 200,000*l.*, but the West African line has been rejected. The long-pending difficulty of the Sovereignty of Schleswig-Holstein has at last been settled by the renunciation of all rights by the young Duke Ernest of Schleswig-Holstein and his nearest relative, Prince Christian. The former, in compensation, will have restored to him the family estates of Augustenburg, and will be allowed in addition a handsome annuity.

In FRANCE perfect quietude reigns in home political circles, and the only topic of interest has been the enhanced duties to be imposed upon foreign cattle, which after a desultory discussion have been duly voted. France is now fully launched upon her Protectionist course. In PARIS some surprise has been expressed at the energy with which the authorities are expelling anarchists and their sympathisers. Amongst the latest thus conducted to the frontier have been James Stephens, the well-known Fenian Head-Centre, Eugene Davis, an Irish journalist, living in Paris, Morrissey, the President of the recent Dynamite Congress, and several other Fenians. Several German Socialists and Poles have been duly expelled much to the wrath of the extreme organs, which are denouncing M. Ferry's tendency to "truckle to crowned heads." Nor has their indignation been lessened by a police order forbidding red flags to be carried in public processions in future. The war with China also continues to form the subject of tirades against the Government. The great losses during the recent battles at Kuyen Quang have excited much apprehension, which is not lessened by the rumour that the Government are thinking of sending further reinforcements amounting to 25,000 men for the invasion of China proper, and possibly a march upon Peking. Meanwhile the French men-of-war are keeping a sharp look-out upon English vessels for contraband of war, and have stopped and searched the P. and O. steamer *Sural*. The *Glenroy*, which was taken into Gutzlaff by a French man-of-war because she was carrying lead, has been released after landing that portion of her cargo. This action on the part of the French is seriously checking the flow of British trade, and the Germans, who are less afraid than ourselves of the Prize Courts at Saigon, are reaping the benefit.

In INDIA the Central Asian difficulty still remains the all-absorbing topic, and public opinion has been further excited by wild rumours with regard to Russian advances and collisions between Russian troops and the Afghans. The preparations for the Rawul Pindi Durbar are actively progressing, and the festivities will be attended by a number of the Punjab Princes, while the Nizam has offered to send a high noble, with a fitting retinue. The Ameer is to be presented with the timely gifts of a mountain and a heavy battery of artillery, completely equipped, together with 5,000 Sniders and an appropriate quantity of ammunition. The *Times* correspondent states that the army corps at Rawul Pindi will be equipped so as to be ready to take the field at any moment. The entire Headquarters Staff, as well as the Commanders-in-Chief of Madras and Bombay, will be present, so that Lord Dufferin will have all his military advisers round him. Meanwhile Sir Peter Lumsden is at Gulran, where a telegram states that the news of the military preparations by England have evoked much enthusiasm.—The Indian Budget has now been published, and the accounts for 1883-4 show a surplus of 1,387,496*l.*—mainly due to collections of revenue which would ordinarily have fallen due the following year. For this reason also the estimates for 1884-5 show a deficit of 716,200*l.* The estimates for 1885-6 are—Revenue, 72,090,400*l.*; Expenditure, 71,582,300*l.*; showing a surplus of 508,100*l.* Owing to the stagnation of trade the estimates of the Railway and Customs receipts are taken up a much lower rate, while, in consequence of the depreciation of silver, the rupee exchange is taken at 1*l.* 7¼*d.*

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, we hear from the UNITED STATES that President Cleveland is arousing the wrath of the office-seekers of his party, but winning golden opinions from the general public, by his determination to carry out his plan of Civil Service reform, and of abolishing useless offices. He has withdrawn the Nicaraguan and Spanish Reciprocity Treaties for examination by the new Government.—In SOUTH AMERICA Mexico is joining with the United States in staunchly opposing President Barrios' scheme for a Central American Union. There is accordingly little likelihood of the scheme being carried out.—From SOUTH AFRICA comes favourable news of Sir Charles Warren's Expedition, which is making good progress, and is being warmly welcomed.

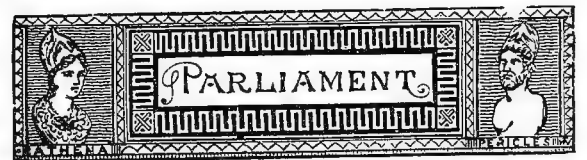


THE Queen has held a Drawing Room this week. Before Her Majesty left Windsor, Princess Frederica of Hanover and Baron von Rammingen stayed a short time at the Castle, where also the Duchess of Albany arrived on Saturday. In the evening the Dean of Westminster dined with the Queen, and next morning the Dean preached before Her Majesty and the Royal family at Divine Service

in the Private Chapel. The Duchess of Albany returned to Claremont on Monday, when the Duke of Cambridge lunched with the Queen. Her Majesty also gave audience to the Judge Advocate-General. During the day the Queen and Princess Beatrice visited the Royal vault in St. George's containing the Duke of Albany's grave, and later Lady Fanny Howard dined with Her Majesty. Next afternoon the Queen, Princess Beatrice, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught, came up to town and Her Majesty visited the Duchess of Cambridge, while in the evening Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry accompanied the Duchess of Edinburgh to the Savoy Theatre. The Drawing Room on Wednesday was attended by the chief members of the Royal family, including for the first time Princess Louise of Wales. Her Majesty was expected to return to Windsor on Thursday afternoon. The Queen and Princess Beatrice, probably accompanied by Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, start for Germany on Monday week, and remain at Darmstadt until April 8th, when they leave for Aix.

The Prince of Wales was present on Saturday at the Mansion House Meeting in promotion of a National Memorial to General Gordon. Later he held a *levée* at St. James's, attended by Prince George, the Duke of Edinburgh, and other Princes, and in the evening the Prince and Princess and Prince George dined with the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans. Next morning the Prince and Princess and their son and daughters attended Divine Service, and on Monday Prince Albert Victor came up from Cambridge in time to accompany his father to a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute, where Sir F. Napier Broome read a paper on "Western Australia." On Tuesday the Prince of Wales attended a meeting of the Royal Commission for Housing the Working Classes, and later went with Prince Albert Victor to the House of Lords. In the evening the Prince initiated his eldest son as a Freemason in the Royal Alpha Lodge, No. 16, of which the Prince of Wales is Master, the Princes afterwards dining with the Members of the Lodge. Prince Albert-Victor is the seventeenth Member of the Royal Family who has joined the craft since 1737, when George II.'s eldest son was initiated. On Wednesday the Prince and Princess of Wales, and their eldest daughter, Princess Louise, attended the Drawing Room, and in the evening the Prince, with Prince Albert Victor and the Duke of Edinburgh, started for Berlin to congratulate Emperor William on his eighty-eighth birthday—to-morrow, Sunday. The Princes were expected to reach Berlin on Thursday evening, and would stay with the Crown Prince and Princess, returning to England on Friday next. The official arrangements for the Royal visit to Ireland are identical with those we mentioned last week, the Prince and Princess leaving England on April 7th, and returning on April 27. The Prince will visit Mr. H. Chaplin at Blankney Hall for the Lincoln Spring Meeting.

When going to the Mansion House meeting of the Gordon Memorial Committee on Saturday, the Duke of Edinburgh met with an accident to his carriage. One of the horses fell on the asphalt pavement, and the Duke had to finish his journey on foot. In the evening the Duke and Duchess went to the Savoy Theatre, and on Monday and Tuesday the Duke attended the sittings of the House of Lords. The Duchess intended to be present last (Friday) night at Mr. Mackenzie's concert, accompanied by Princess Louise. Wednesday was the Princess Louise's thirty-seventh birthday.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are making short tours before leaving India, and have spent a week visiting Bhurtpore, Dholpur, and Agra.—The Duchess of Albany and Princess Frederica have formed a Hampton Court Branch of the National Aid Society (Soudan and Egypt). A special service in memory of the Duke of Albany will be held at Windsor next Saturday, the first anniversary of his death.



THE Redistribution Bill is passing through the House of Commons with a rapidity that is likely to endear to future Ministers the peculiar process by which friction has been avoided. The House has discovered that under the kid glove of the compact between the two Front Benches there is an iron hand which holds them perfectly helpless. Very early in the discussion on Committee it was discovered that to propose amendments varying the Bill in the slightest appreciable direction was merely waste of time. The first to make this discovery were the Ulster members. They kicked against the inevitable results of the application of the principle of the Bill, which naturally places an increase of power in the hands of what is called the National Party. They desired to obtain some compensation for their own side, and looked to their leaders for assistance. But they found them not only powerless to assist, but actually bound to secure final agreement of the proposals in the Bill. It was the same with the City of London members, and the vast influence behind them. They wanted to retain their ancient glory of four members; and undoubtedly, in the absence of the compact, a strong muster of Conservatives would have backed up their plea. But when it came to the point of settlement, Sir S. Northcote, with depressed air and in melancholy voice, declared that he could do nothing except vote with the Government.

Calmly considered, it must be admitted that the unfortunate Leader of the Opposition followed the only course open to him. A compact was entered into with gentlemen opposite. The Conservative party were not only cognisant of it, but were at the moment exceedingly jubilant. They declared that, after all, Lord Salisbury had outwitted Mr. Gladstone, and had succeeded in framing a measure securing the balance of advantage for his own party. It is a little hard, as Sir Stafford Northcote complained, that, when he is simply fulfilling his part of the compact entered into, he should be buffeted by his followers and left solitary and deserted to go into the division lobby. This being more than even the long-suffering Leader of the Opposition could stand, a meeting of the Party was summoned for Monday, at which gentlemen were asked to consider the matter.

The result was seen in the proceedings of Tuesday night. Mr. Ritchie had an amendment on the paper proposing to make uniform the system of one-membered constituencies by dividing the boroughs which, under the Bill, will continue to return two members. The Conservatives generally approved this suggestion, and were prepared to give a solid vote in its favour. But here, again, a principle vital to the Bill was touched, and Sir Stafford Northcote was bound to defend it. This he intimated in the House, as he had done at the private meeting. It was clearly no use making speeches, and at six o'clock a debate, which in ordinary circumstances would have occupied at least a whole sitting, flickered out. Mr. Ritchie, anxious to avoid the embarrassment of a division in which his leaders must vote against him, proposed to withdraw his amendment. This some of the Radicals, with mischievous intent, declined to accede to. What was death to the Party opposite was, of course, fun to them. They insisted upon negotiating the amendment, and Mr. Ritchie, encouraged by the warlike tendencies of Mr. Hicks, divided, the amendment being rejected by 253 against 44.

Later in the sitting discipline was unable to stand the strain placed upon it. On a motion made to retain the number of members of the House of Commons at the present limit of 658, Sir

Stafford Northcote again, and with increased depression of manner, said he must vote for the Bill. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, rising from his side amid tumultuous cheers from a section of the Conservatives, declared he could stand no more of this. He, with 46 other Conservatives, went into the lobby in favour of the amendment, Sir Stafford Northcote and a few—a very few—of the loyal Conservatives going into the lobby with Ministers. Before the House rose the Bill, as it stood, had been agreed to, and the new clauses disposed of. On Wednesday the Bill stuck on the shoals of the Schedules, which threaten to occupy many nights.

Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, seconded by Sir Henry Wolff, and sometimes rivalled by Mr. Onslow, displays even increased activity in questioning Ministers on delicate matters relating to foreign affairs. At the meeting of the Conservative Party on Monday Lord Salisbury took an opportunity of deprecating upon grounds of patriotism this line of proceeding, a principle which he does not confine to the preaching stage, as both himself and Sir Stafford Northcote rigidly practise it, observing at question time the wholesome constitutional attitude which removes foreign politics from party manoeuvring. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett and his associates do not even reap the credit of drawing any information from the Government. Supported by "the evident sense of the House," Mr. Gladstone and Lord E. Fitzmaurice either decline in the interests of the public service to answer the questions, or give replies which do not greatly increase information. The great news of the week was brought out by Mr. Henry Richard, who, on Friday last, wanted to know whether the time had not come for applying to the crisis in Afghanistan the beneficent principle of arbitration. Mr. Gladstone took the opportunity of announcing that an agreement or understanding had been come to with Russia under which no further advance would be made by the outposts of either army on the Afghan Frontier. The effect of this statement was immediate and considerable, and has not been affected by efforts subsequently made in some quarters to minimise it. Not only in England, but throughout Europe, the funds went up, and confidence in peace was restored. On Tuesday the Premier read in the House a telegram from Sir Edward Thornton reporting that the Russian Government assented to the view taken by Mr. Gladstone of the nature and bearing of the understanding.

The Irish members have made things pretty lively, though they have, by accident, interposed at a period of the sitting when the public service has not greatly suffered, whatever may be said of the health of the Speaker, the Chairman of Committees, members of the Government necessarily in their places, and the few score of members who have sacrificed their personal comfort in the public interests. On Thursday night the struggle began, as usual, on votes in Supply. These were, it should be understood, the Supplementary Estimates, and the questions now raised by the Parnellites had been fully debated when the original votes were submitted. But the Orders of the House of Commons seem to be specially and laboriously constructed so as to provide as many opportunities as possible for obstruction. It was intended to complete the votes at Thursday's sitting. But at four o'clock on the morning of Friday the wearied Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had been left in charge, threw up the sponge, a weakness for which he has been sorely blamed by hon. members who had gone comfortably off to bed between twelve and one o'clock. They say, with a force it is impossible to deny, that had Mr. Childers stood firm another couple of hours the already weakened forces of the obstructionists would have been broken, and the Committee concluded. As it was they got another night for renewal of the struggle, and, coming to it well prepared, the last state of the Committee was considerably worse than its first.

After midnight on Monday the engagement re-opened, and concluded with a victory for obstruction all along the line. Mr. Parnell, who is usually content to rest upon his laurels, and spares himself the fatigue of all-night sittings, was now in his place, and at the outset raised the question of a Bill dealing with the Irish police. He declared that in private conversation the Solicitor-General for Ireland had given him a pledge that this Bill should be introduced in a non-controversial form, so that it could pass this Session. The Solicitor-General said he had no recollection of such a pledge. But Mr. Parnell was not inclined to waste time in bickering on that inconsiderable head. He had given his version of an alleged interview, and unless that were accepted and the pledge renewed, he would, so he said without circumlocution, prevent the Vote in Supply passing. Ministers wriggled and protested, but it was no use. There stood Mr. Parnell with his henchmen, determined, as they said, to sit all night and as far as possible into the next day unless their demand was conceded. Finally the Government capitulated, and the Votes in Supply were agreed to.



"THE MIKADO."—In the new opera by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan, produced at the SAVOY Theatre on Saturday night, the librettist has abandoned the over-harvested field of satire on the foibles of fashion. It is true that by accident there happens just now to be in London a Japanese village, whose inhabitants have been most useful in training Mr. Gilbert's artists to adopt "attitudes queer and quaint," in teaching the men to appear with shaven heads and play with fans, and the women to trot about the stage and turn in their toes. The costumes, too, are correct, and some of them are veritable State robes, worn by Japanese grandees of the past, and duly certified by no less high an authority than Mr. Mitford. But in extracting humour from customs probably more or less hypothetical, and in heaping sarcasm upon a people little known, the author has to a certain extent taken a leap in the dark. If he succeed, it will open up a whole range of possibilities in a series of works of a less evanescent popularity than those which aim merely to hit folly as it flies. Mr. Gilbert's plot, quaintly fantastic as usual, almost defies analysis. The most strongly-marked and the best-drawn character is that of the aristocratic Pooh-Bah, so admirably played by Mr. Rutland Barrington. This mighty personage is "of pre-Adamite ancestral descent," and can trace his "ancestry back to a protoplasmal primordial atomic globule." In order to mortify his own pride, he has accepted every office in the State, and draws pay for all. "I am a salaried minion!" he exclaims, adding with resignation, "But I do it! It revolts me; but I do it!" It is he who describes, in a rattling comic song, the position of Ko-Ko. That worthy had been condemned by the Mikado, who had "decree'd, in words succine, That all who flirted, leered, or winked (Unless connubially linked) Should forthwith be beheaded." Instead, Ko-Ko has been made Lord High Executioner, who "Can't cut off another's head Until he's cut his own off." Ko-Ko is betrothed to the fair Yum-Yum, who in turn is loved by the tenor Nanki-Poo, son of the Mikado, but now travelling under the disguise of a "second trombone." Nanki-Poo, who, with his painted face, seems to justify the sneer "You very imperfect ablutoner," has some of the best of the solos. Notably may be mentioned the chain of songs almost at the outset of the opera, in which Sir Arthur Sullivan happily parodies the martial, the naval, and the drawing-room styles. There is, it should be mentioned, nothing unusual

a Japanese minstrel singing to a group of nobles, and, indeed, in the ranks of the Yakkounine, or highest musical caste, princes are proud to be enrolled. On the arrival of the "three little maids from school," attended by their schoolfellows, the action, hitherto somewhat slow, becomes interesting. Exquisitely pretty is the trio of the three little maids (which was twice encored on Saturday), and the succeeding three-part song, solo, and chorus, which serves to carry off the stage all the party save Yum-Yum. Her song, "The sun whose rays," apart from the delicately-veiled irony, is a facile piece of versification, allied with a melody one phrase of which seems to suggest that the lovely "Song of the Bird" in Wagner's *Siegfried* haunts the memory of Sir Arthur Sullivan, as it previously had affected the recollection of M. Gounod. A delicious little love scene between Nanki-Poo and Miss Yum-Yum, followed by the inevitable love duet, here an agreeable *mélange* of the melodious and opera bouffe, leads to the scene where the executioner describes various social nuisances who would "None of 'em be missed." A fine concerted piece for the three men, in which there is not too much musicianship, but just musicianship enough, is followed by the *finale* which, save as to a scena, "The Hour of Gladness," sung by Katisha, the elderly betrothed of Nanki-Poo, is rather disappointing. When the scene opens on the second act, Yum-Yum is being decked for her marriage to Nanki-Poo, who has obtained her hand on the understanding that a month hence he will offer himself as the first victim to the executioner. The "merry madrigal," imitated from the old seventeenth-century style, which the wedding party sing in forlorn attempt at gaiety amid their tears, is not only one of the most charming specimens of four-part writing which Sir Arthur Sullivan has given us, but is an excellent example of satire in music. When Yum-Yum learns she is to be buried with her husband, her feelings change. "The laws of common sense, We oughtn't to ignore," she sings in the course of a melodious *ensemble*, and Nanki-Poo has only just time to decamp when the Mikado is announced. The *cortège* of that merry monarch arrives to the strains of what Sir Arthur Sullivan entitles a "Japanese *Marseillaise*," which it is said accompanied the real Mikado's troops in the conflict in 1868 with the Tycoon. The patter song, in which the Mikado describes his peculiar system of punishments, is chiefly remarkable for the humour of the lyrics. In the succeeding trio, in which the conspirators narrate the alleged execution, in the fine five-part glee, which with strange irony the culprits sing after being comfortably assured of a death "humorous but lingering, with either boiling oil or melted lead," in a humorous duet between the executioner and his supposed victim, and especially in the beautiful song, "Hearts do not break," by the elderly Katisha, Sir Arthur Sullivan once more asserts himself. How admirably the art of the composer and librettist dovetail, is nowhere better exemplified than in the sarcastic song of the love-sick Tom Tit (doubtless suggested by the "Magnet and Silver Churn" in *Patient*), and again in the duet, "There is beauty in the bellow of the blast," in which Sir Arthur has successfully followed the Old English dance form. Eventually the two lovers are united, and the Lord High Executioner is paired off with the elderly lady of the Court, some of whose witticisms are, it should be added, hardly in the best taste. It may be imagined that with Messrs. Barrington and Grossmith as comedians, the laughing Miss Jessie Bond as Pitti Sing, Misses Braham and Brandram, Messrs. Lely, Temple, and Bovill as vocalists, and, above all, with Mr. Gilbert himself as an inimitable stage-manager, the fun of *The Mikado*; or, *the Town of Titipu*, runs fast and furious. Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted, and at the end of the opera came with Mr. Gilbert before the curtain to acknowledge the applause of one of the most brilliant audiences ever assembled at a *première* of opera bouffe.

CONCERTS.—Mr. Gustav Ernest's prize "dramatic" overture was the novelty at the Philharmonic Concert. The work shows high ability, and even still greater promise, especially when the young composer may select some less imposing subject than the triumph of love's gentle influence over "the stern forces of primitive nature." Mr. Oscar Beringer played Schumann's piano concerto, Madame Minnie Hauk sang, and Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted Beethoven's B minor symphony.—At the Popular Concerts there have been no novelties.—A capital concert was given by the Guildhall Students, under Mr. Weist Hill, on Saturday, and on the same day Herr Hausmann played two movements at the Crystal Palace, from a feeble violoncello concerto by Davidoff.—Of the St. Patrick's Day concerts, the Bach Bicentenary Concert on Wednesday, at which Mr. Oscar Beringer introduced concertos composed or adapted by Bach for one, two, three, and four claviars, and of Herr Kranich's, Madame Viard-Louis', and other concerts we have no space to write.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The Duke of Edinburgh has fixed April 15 as the date on which he will play a violin solo at the Mansion House.—As arrangements have not been concluded by Mr. Mapleson, the projected Italian Opera season at Drury Lane next June has practically fallen through.—The Duke of Edinburgh will play before the Prince of Wales at the Royal Amateur Orchestra Smoking Concert on the return of their Royal Highnesses from Germany on the 30th instant.—Herr Bonawitz' new opera, *Irma*, was produced at St. George's Hall on Tuesday. It is an amusing tragedy, in which the lover is happily despatched before the end of the second act, whereupon the heroine dies mad on her lover's tomb, and the villain perishes from remorse.



IN ALL THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND and in many of its churches services were held on Friday last week in commemoration of General Gordon and of the officers and men who have fallen in the Soudan. The afternoon service at Westminster Abbey was specially impressive, and was attended by a vast congregation, which included several relatives of General Gordon and high personages in Church and State, among them the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Commander-in-Chief, and Earl Granville. The address *in memoriam* was delivered by the Dean, and at St. Paul's by the Bishop of Newcastle.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has appointed to the important Bishopric of Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, the Rev. W. T. Thornhill Webber, who has been for twenty years the energetic Vicar of St. John the Evangelist, Red Lion Square, and from his labours in the cause of elementary education was returned at the last election a member of the London School Board. Mr. Webber is a Liberal High Churchman.

MORE THAN 500*l.* has been subscribed for the portrait of himself to be presented to the Bishop of Peterborough, which has been executed by Mr. Frank Holl, R.A., and will appear in this year's exhibition at the Royal Academy.

THE PERSONALTY OF THE LATE BISHOP OF LONDON has been sworn at over 72,000*l.* With the exception of a small annuity to a servant, all his property is bequeathed, under trust, to his children.

TEN YEARS AGO, when the church was opened, Mr. Gladstone promised to present a bell to St. Seiriol's, at his favourite Welsh health resort, Penmaenmawr, provided a tower were built for its

reception. The erection of the tower is at last nearly completed, and the bell, weighing 21 cwt., has been presented by the Premier.

IN REPLY TO A DEPUTATION from the Sunday Society urging the desirability of opening the National Gallery on Sunday, Sir Henry Layard, on the part of the trustees, stated that a majority of them were in favour of Sunday opening, and would give effect to that wish as soon as the consent of Parliament, without which they were powerless, was obtained. The principle of Sunday opening has now been accepted by the governing bodies of two of our chief national institutions, the British Museum and the National Gallery.

COMMANDING OFFICERS OF THE VOLUNTEERS, whose march to Brighton will begin on Thursday, April 2nd, and extend over Good Friday, have been instructed not to allow any music to be played on the march when passing near a church during the time for Divine Service, and care is to be taken to prevent noise or disturbance on the evening of Good Friday. They are also requested to give their men every facility for attending Divine Service on that evening.

SPEAKING THIS WEEK AT TRURO, the President of the Wesleyan Conference warned the members of his communion against sending their children to High Church schools. High Church music and art might be very fascinating, but it was their duty to have their children educated at Protestant, and wherever possible at Wesleyan, schools.

THERE WERE WELL-ATTENDED SERVICES at the Roman Catholic churches in London on Tuesday, St. Patrick's Day.

IT SEEMS THAT THE MOVEMENT for the payment of Irish Home Rule Members of Parliament is to receive effective support from the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ireland. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Meath has appointed to-morrow (Sunday) for a collection at all the chapel-gates throughout Westmeath in aid of the fund for the payment of the two county members, Messrs. Sullivan and Harrington.

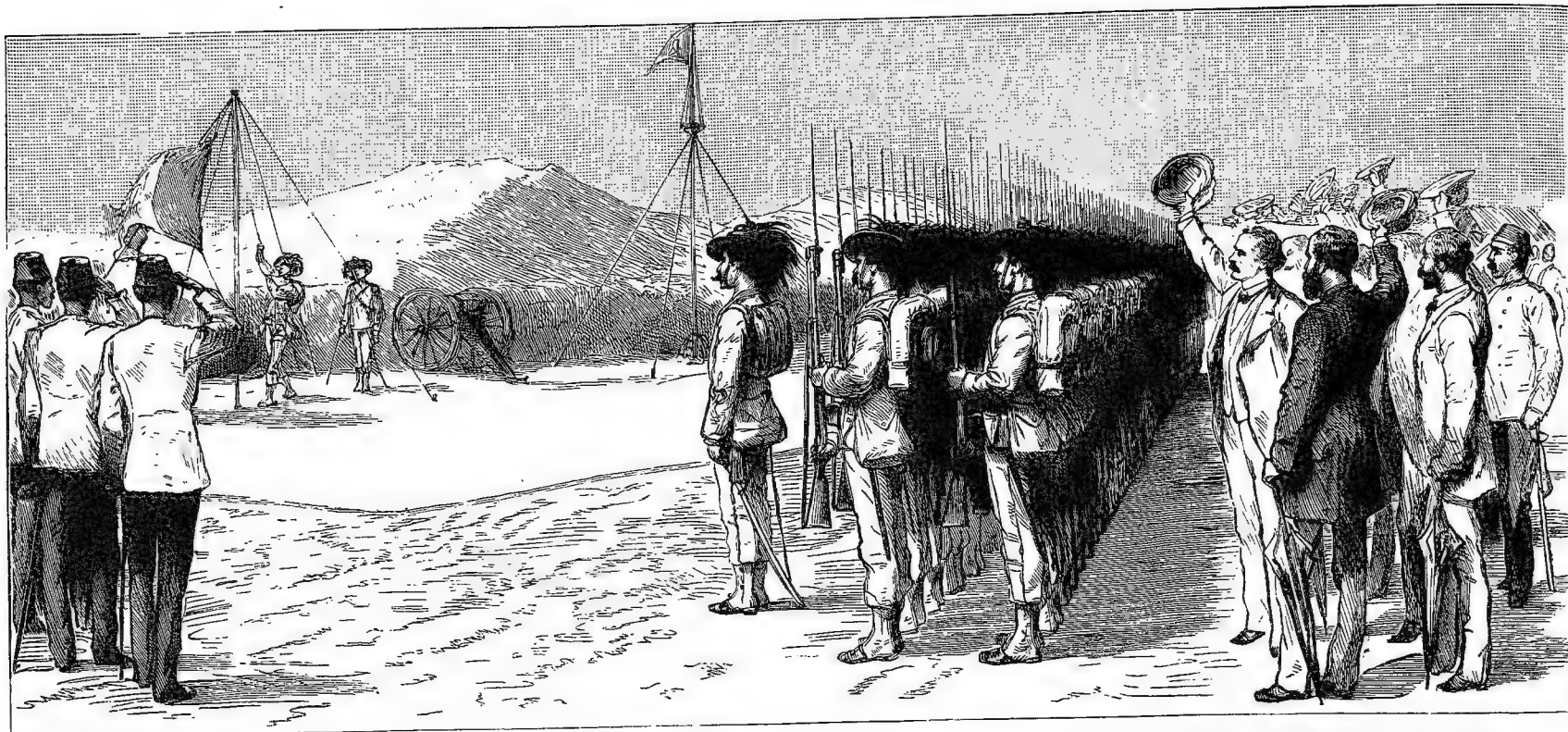


THE pleasant gallery at No. 5, HAYMARKET has again opened with an assemblage of English and foreign pictures, the latter as usual largely predominating. They have been selected apparently with a view of securing the greatest variety of subject and style, but there are very few that appeal only to uneducated tastes. Immediately on entering the room we meet with a large picture by a German artist, Conrad Keisel, entitled "Evening," and representing on a scale rather less than life a gorgeously-attired lady with a music-book in her hands. When seen from a little distance it is strikingly effective, but a closer examination shows that the lady's neck and arms are not very accurately drawn, and that the prevailing colour, though rich, is somewhat morbid. Near it hangs a good example of M. J. L. Gérôme's severe and learned style, in which an Arab is seen stooping over his dying horse "In the Desert." This artist's mastery of design and fine sense of beauty of form are better seen in a smaller work, entitled "The Bath." The figure of the Circassian girl, who in a natural and graceful attitude is crouching while a Nubian woman is about to pour a vessel of water on her, is of great beauty, and, like every part of the picture, is painted with extraordinary precision and completeness. No charm of colour can be expected in anything by M. Gérôme, but we find here very little of that metallic harshness and crudity which detracts from the value of several of his best productions. On either side of this is a life-sized female head by M. Jacquet, handled, like all his works, with facile dexterity, but false in colour and meretricious. It is agreeable to turn from them to C. Van Haanen's two charming Venetian studies, "Ninetta" and "Carmelita," on the opposite wall. These are simple and unaffected as well as beautiful, and are splendidly painted. A large picture of modern life, called "Scandal," by Eugène de Blaas, resembles in motive his "Secrets," exhibited at the Academy last year, but it shows even a greater command of expression than that work, and is more harmonious in tone. He has done nothing better than the three comely girls who, seated at work outside their door, are discussing the character of a young fisherman who, conscious that he is the subject of their conversation, bashfully turns from them. They are naturally grouped, full of vivacity, spontaneous in movement, and at the same time graceful.

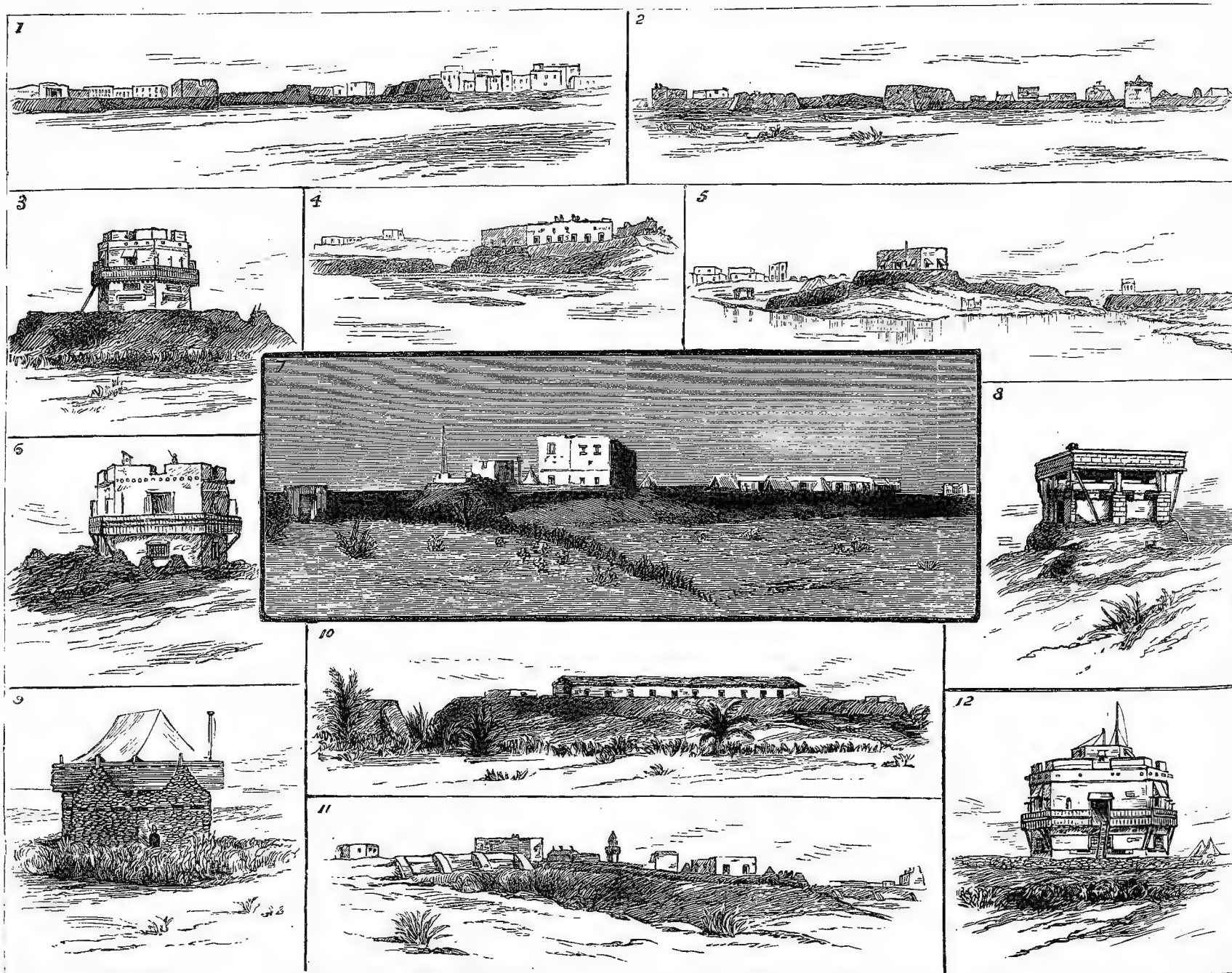
In a picture entitled "Pallone," Signor Rafael Sorbi shows how a game, now obsolete, was played by gentlemen of the last century. The players are vigorous in action, and well designed, and the numerous spectators are animated and expressive. Another very characteristic scene of eighteenth century Italian life, fuller in tone than this, and more harmonious in general effect, is to be seen in G. Fravetto's "Goldoni at St. Mark's." The numerous ladies and gentlemen assembled in the piazzetta are not very distinctly individualised, but they are in excellent keeping with their surroundings, and, as well as the façade of the Grand Ducal Palace, which forms the background, they are painted in a broad and masterly style.

Some of the English pictures have been exhibited before, and of the rest very few present any feature of novelty. Mr. Leader's "A Riverside Hamlet," Mr. Peter Graham's "Soft Day in the Highlands," and Mr. Vicat Cole's "Bright Day in Autumn" are fair examples of their respective styles, but they bear a close resemblance to many of their previous works. By Mr. Seymour Lucas there is a sketchy but very clever figure of "An Exquisite" of the last century adjusting his coat before the looking-glass, and by Mr. W. L. Wyllie a fresh and breezy study, "Smelt-Fishing on the Medway." Mr. W. Dendy-Sadler's picture of monks weighing fish, "A Goody Catch," together with many technical imperfections, shows much discrimination of character and some humour. Mr. A. Burr's small domestic scene, "Breakfast Time," should not pass unnoticed, nor should the bright and dexterously-handled picture of two ladies at the tea-table, "Confidences," by the American painter, Mr. J. L. Steward.

AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERY small exhibitions follow each other in very rapid succession. One of the rooms is now occupied by a series of more than fifty water-colour drawings by Mr. Alfred Parsons, illustrating the scenery of the Warwickshire Avon. Each of them has for a title a well-chosen quotation from Shakespeare. The artist's oil pictures, while showing the most careful study of natural form and a fine sense of style, are apt to be a little painty and opaque. The present works, on the contrary, are with few exceptions very luminous in tone and strongly suggestive of daylight. The effect of bright sunshine could scarcely be better rendered than in the drawing of a cornfield, "Summer's Green," all girded up in Sheaves." In no degree inferior to this is the placid river scene, "Like a Summer Cloud," or the adjacent drawing, "In the Field by Tewkesbury." Both are true in effect, full of suffused light and delicate gradations of colour. In one or two of the drawings, and especially in "Under the Shade of Melancholy Boughs," there is slight tendency to excessive blackness in the shadows. This work, however, like the rest, shows the painter's fine draughtsmanship and accuracy of detail. In very many drawings, which we need not specify, tangled undergrowths, water-weeds of various kinds, and trees with complicated ramifications are rendered with extraordinary fidelity and a keen appreciation of their special character and beauty.



THE ITALIAN OCCUPATION OF MASSOWAH, RED SEA—HOISTING THE ITALIAN FLAG



1. The Left Redoubt, Garrisoned by Egyptians.—2. Sphinx Redoubt, Garrisoned by Royal Marines.—3. Left Water Fort, Garrisoned by 60 Egyptians.—4. Tabiat el Yemin, Garrisoned by 100 Egyptians.—5. Island Redoubt, Garrisoned by 20 Men.—6. Fort Foulah, Garrisoned by 60 Egyptians.—7. Forts Carysfort and Euryalus.—8. H Redoubt, Garrisoned by 24 Royal Marines.—9. Sandbag Redoubt, Garrisoned by 40 Royal Marines.—10. Tabiat el Wustanieh, Garrisoned by 100 Egyptians.—11. Tabiat el Ansari, Garrisoned by 130 Egyptians.—12. Right Water Fort, Garrisoned by 50 Royal Marines.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN—THE DEFENCES OF SUAKIM, THE FUTURE BASE OF OPERATIONS AGAINST THE MAHDI

FROM SKETCHES BY A NAVAL OFFICER



THE EMPEROR WILLIAM'S EIGHTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY—THE DAILY MARCH PAST OF THE GUARDS

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL are exhibiting in New Bond Street a collection of drawings and sketches by Mr. R. W. Allan, a Member of the Scottish Water-Colour Society. They are varied in subject and of very unequal merit, the best of them being picturesque street scenes in Scotch fishing villages and views on the French coast. Together with many signs of inexperience, they show that the artist is endowed with a fine sense of colour and a perception of picturesque beauty. The views of "Pittenweem, Sea Town," and of "The Old Town Hall, Crail, N.B.," are broadly painted and effective, and seem to be true in local character. The most successful drawing in the room, more luminous in tone than the rest, and in better keeping, is "At Treport—Looking Towards the Sea." Some of the drawings, especially those made at Venice, of which there are several in the collection, are loosely handled and inaccurate in design.

A VERY INTERESTING EXHIBITION of the works of the late Gustave Doré has just been organised in the Hotel de Le Cercle de la Librairie, Boulevard St. Germain, Paris. It comprises a great many of the original drawings and sketches relating to the works Doré illustrated, besides a series of designs for an edition of Shakespeare which he very much wished to illustrate. The water-colour drawings of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are the most complete set of this collection, and it is evident that so fantastic a comedy would furnish his fertile imagination with those quaint and fanciful ideas so characteristic of his works. This exhibition has been arranged by the principal publishers in Paris who are members of the Cercle, and promises to be very successful. The public are admitted by cards, which can be obtained gratuitously on application to the Secretary of the club.



THE MASTERSHIP OF DOWNING COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, has been conferred by its Professors and Fellows on Professor Birkbeck, eldest son of Dr. George Birkbeck, so well known as the founder of the Birkbeck Institution and pioneer of the movement for the establishment of Mechanics' Institutes generally. Professor Birkbeck was for twenty years Reader in Equity at Lincoln's Inn, and in 1860 was appointed Downing Professor of the Laws of England in the college of which he has just been elected Master.

WHEN JUDGMENT was being given in the Queen's Bench Division on an application from the Incorporated Law Society that two solicitors should be struck off the rolls for alleged misconduct in their professional capacity, Mr. Justice Manisty spoke of a case which had recently come before himself, where a plaintiff had recovered 50*l.*, and his solicitor had made him out a bill of costs showing that he was not only entitled to receive nothing from the solicitor, but, on the contrary, was over 1*l.* in his debt.

CUNNINGHAM AND BURTON, the suspected dynamitards, were again brought up on remand at Bow Street on Monday. Evidence was adduced to prove that the portmanteau containing an explosive machine found at Paddington Station was identical with one brought to the Waverley Hotel in February, 1884, by a man, presently followed by another, in whose room was found a flap which fitted the gap left by that which was missing in the Paddington portmanteau. Mr. Poland, for the prosecution, stated that on a subsequent occasion he would bring evidence to connect the prisoners with these two visitors to the Waverley, and to prove that the explosive material found in the parcel which exploded in Westminster Hall was the same as that in the portmanteau at Paddington. There was also proved the purchase by Cunningham of a great-coat much too large for him, being that in which he was apprehended, and under which could easily have been concealed such a parcel as the one found in Westminster Hall. It was further shown that the measurement of the leg and waist of the pair of trousers found with dynamite in the Charing Cross portmanteau corresponded to that of a pair of trousers left by Burton in his lodgings. The prisoners were remanded until Friday in next week, when the case for the prosecution will, it is expected, be concluded.

THE RELEASE OF MR. EDMUND YATES from Holloway Gaol, referred to in this column last week, was immediately followed by the trial of two successive actions for libel against him as proprietor of the *World*, before Mr. Justice Hawkins and a special jury. In the first of these actions the plaintiff, a Mr. Grant, a stock-jobber, had been charged in the *World* with having been improperly engaged in stock-jobbing operations without the knowledge of his partner, and with afterwards disappearing "together with the bank balance." The plaintiff's partner was examined, and gave evidence unfavourable to him. Mr. Yates had offered to insert in the *World* a paragraph admitting that the facts of the case had not been correctly stated, but the plaintiff refused to accept such an apology unless the name of the writer were given up. This demand was refused, justifiably, Mr. Justice Hawkins said in a summing up which was decidedly adverse to the plaintiff, and, after considerable deliberation, the jury gave a verdict for the defendant.

IN THE SECOND CASE the plaintiff was Mr. Legge, the founder and first editor of the *Whitehall Review*, and now conductor of a fisheries journal. The language of the alleged libel on him in the *World* was certainly very strong, it being said in reference to the surname and the present editorial employment of "the man Legge" that he was "always well named," and that "his connection with things fishy is extensive and peculiar." The defendant pleaded that these allegations were true, and Mr. Legge was cross-examined very stringently with the view of proving that the *Whitehall Review*, under his management, contained much scandalous and otherwise improper matter. Among the facts thus elicited was that of a questionable paragraph relating to a case in the Divorce Court having been received from a clerk in the employment of the solicitor of one of the parties to the suit. After Mr. Justice Hawkins, in summing up, had animadverted with special severity on this mode of obtaining information, and generally on the tone and tenor of such of the articles in the *Whitehall Review* as had been read in Court, the jury at once returned a verdict for the defendant, thus giving to "Society journalists" a practical monition which some of them might do well to lay to heart.

A NOVEL OR LITTLE KNOWN MODE of working an advertising business has had publicity given to it by an action tried in Nisi Prius by Mr. Baron Huddleston. The plaintiffs were proprietors of a mercantile journal, and were also connected with a General Export Agency. They do not charge directly for advertisements inserted in their journal, but are remunerated by deducting the price of them from any business which advertising in it may bring to the advertiser. On this understanding the defendant, a coach-builder at Derby, ordered them to insert his advertisement for a year. Soon afterwards he received a letter, not from the plaintiffs, but from the General Export Agency, informing him that they had received from Alexandria applications respecting his advertisement, and asking him to furnish particulars. The defendant replied declining to have anything to do with the export trade, as not being in his line. Receiving further letters of the same kind, he wrote to the proprietors of the journal a month before the expiry of the stipulated twelvemonth, ordering his advertisement to be discon-

tinued. Ultimately they brought an action against him for 104*l.*, as due to them for the advertisement and for an alleged breach of agreement. After having heard these facts detailed by a partner in the newspaper firm, who was also a director of the General Agency Company, Mr. Baron Huddleston asked if there was any more evidence for the plaintiffs, and being told that there was none, gave judgment for the defendant with costs.

THE TRIAL OF THE SEVEN GLENDALE CROFTERS charged with mobbing and rioting, and also with assaulting a sheriff's officer engaged in serving summonses for arrears of rent, in December last, came off, at Portree, on Tuesday. Two of them consenting to plead guilty to the charge of mobbing and rioting solely, they were sentenced to three weeks' imprisonment, and the other five were discharged.



SOME INTERESTING STATISTICS were adduced at a meeting of the Darlington Chamber of Agriculture last week, by Mr. H. E. Surtees, showing the preference given by railway companies in the carriage of foreign agricultural products. He stated that American cattle, slaughtered at Liverpool, were conveyed to London at 25*s.* per ton, as against 50*s.* charged for English. Potatoes from Cherbourg to London were 30*s.* per ton; from Penzance to London, 45*s.* per ton. American cheese, Liverpool to London, passing through Cheshire, was 25*s.* per ton; Cheshire cheese, for which the trains from Liverpool to London stopped on their way, was 42*s.* 6*d.* per ton. The difference of rates in favour of the foreign over home produce was equal to a tax of 5*s.* per acre on the land of this country. Agriculturists are justified in crying out against this burden; at the same time, the object of the railway companies in seeking to increase their dividends is not an illegal one, or even inequitable in a moral sense. The outcry of farmers raises two very formidable issues indeed: the Government acquisition of railways, which touches on Socialistic theories; and the taxation of imported produce, which is the "Fair Trade" question pure and simple.

THE AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION BILL, which in face of the Lord Chancellor's opposition was recently abandoned by its advocate, Lord Salisbury, proposed to facilitate loans to farmers at a low rate of interest, and to prevent anything like usury by giving those who had advanced money under certain restrictions, and at only three per cent. interest, a prior claim to payment out of the farmer's assets, the landlord's rent claim alone excepted. This Bill, if carried, would have created a new form of security of special value as attracting back capital to the land from which, as the result of recent legislation, it tends to become more and more divorced. The statement of Lord Carlingford that he should have supported the Bill if his own side of the House had introduced it as an official measure is a significant warning of what our modern system of party division has brought us to. Happily, we do not believe that the proposal will be finally abandoned. It has strong support in the House of Commons, and will probably be heard of again.

EAST ANGLIA has not escaped contagious disease. In the week ending February 21st five swine were attacked, in the week ending February 28th thirty-three cattle, fourteen sheep, and fifty-four pigs, and in the week ending March 7th fourteen swine. This is not a light matter, but the vigilance of the local authorities should be effectual in preventing any spread of the contagion. Apart from this drawback and the permanent depression caused by low cereal prices, East Anglian farmers have no special reason for discouragement. January was genial for a winter month, yet gave the sufficient rainfall of 2.46 inches. February was changeable, and on the whole mild, with a rainfall of 2.12 inches. Mutton sells better, and for sheep, prices have advanced four shillings beyond the lowest rates of January. When the grass begins to grow a good demand for store sheep may be expected. Steers and oxen are cheap, but holders are somewhat more confident. There is a good fall of lambs almost everywhere, and the mortality among the ewes has been small. The heavy lands are not yet fit for drilling, but on the lighter soils spring sowing is now proceeding apace.

FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE has no spontaneous origin in England, yet such an outbreak as that which has just occurred at Crowland Common, in Lincolnshire, appears calculated "to deceive even the very elect." The outbreak, which is at present confined to a yard of eleven cattle, has happened on the holding of a small farmer, who has bought no fresh stock since the purchase of four cows at Spalding at the end of January. That these cows brought the disease is very unlikely, nor were they the first to suffer. The malady would therefore appear to be lingering on in a mild and unsuspected form. In fact, this is one of the dangers which requires the most careful attention, for there may undoubtedly be the presence of the contagion where scarcely any disease can be perceived in the animal in which the contagion is seated. After all, this need surprise no one who knows how children's diseases—scarlet fever, measles, and the like—are commonly spread by means of light cases hardly noticed, yet fully capable of communicating the malady, often, too, in a very virulent form.



THE TURF.—There have been plenty of meetings this week for the "negotiation of obstacles," but racing interest seems centered in the opening of the flat-race season and the decision of the Grand National Steeplechase. It may be noted, however, that at Derby Lord Yarborough's Mary Webster, the extreme outsider of a party of ten, won the Doveridge Hurdle Race, and that his lordship's colours were again to the fore on Society for the Kedleston Hunters' Hurdle Race, and that the Duke of Hamilton's Captain added to his winning scores by landing the Derbyshire Handicap Steeplechase on the first day, and the Shipley Hall Steeplechase on the second day, beating seven other competitors. It does not often happen that two horses win two events each on the same day, but this was the case at the West Somerset Meeting on Tuesday last, when The Don and Duval each scored twice, the latter earning his third winning bracket on the day following. His owner, Lord Wolverton, may be congratulated.—At the time of writing Blue Grass, once owned by Mr. Keene, the American turfite, is first favourite for the Lincolnshire Handicap, with MacMahon, Despair, and Toastmaster in close attendance. The number of horses which have been backed for this popular race may be taken as a great compliment to the handicapper, and the race seems a particularly open one.—For the Grand National, Roquefort firmly heads the quotations, and Frigate, who is all the rage in Ireland, is next in demand—but many things are more unlikely than that they will change places before the start.

FOOTBALL.—On Saturday last at Derby Notts Forest and Queen's Park were unable to decide the semi-final tie for the Association Challenge Cup, one goal each, making the game a draw. They are to play again at Edinburgh on the 28th, and so the final game, which the winners will have to play with Blackburn Rovers at the Oval, is deferred till the 4th of April.—At Blackburn the Annual Association Match between Wales and England ended in a draw; and at Glasgow Scotland had an easy victory over Ireland; though some of the best of the Queen's Park men could not join in the game.—Guy's has beaten St. Bartholomew's in the final game for the London Hospitals Association Cup.—Under Rugby Rules the London Scottish have gained a second victory over the Clapham Rovers.—The Annual Association Match between England and Scotland will be played at the Oval on Saturday, the 21st.

AQUATICS.—The Oxford and Cambridge crews are now doing their final preparation on the London waters. During the practice last week on the Upper Thames the Dark Blues showed so much improvement and the Light so little, according to aquatic critics, that the former have become strong favourites *vice* the latter. Perhaps before these jottings are published matters will have assumed a different aspect, as it has often happened that the favourites on coming to London within a few days have had to take a "back seat," but probably on the day of the race, the 28th, there will be no very marked preference for either Blue. An impression seems to have gained ground during the last few days that the Cambridge crew is somewhat prematurely "ripe"—a fault which has more than once shown itself in University crews of recent years.

CRICKET.—News has come to hand from the Antipodes that Shaw's team has been defeated by a representative Australian Eleven, in which several of Murdoch's men played. The Englishmen broke down in their second innings, and were eventually beaten by eight wickets.—Among the details of various matches just published Ulyett's 53 and 106 (not out) in a match against Twenty-two of Northern Queensland may be noted.

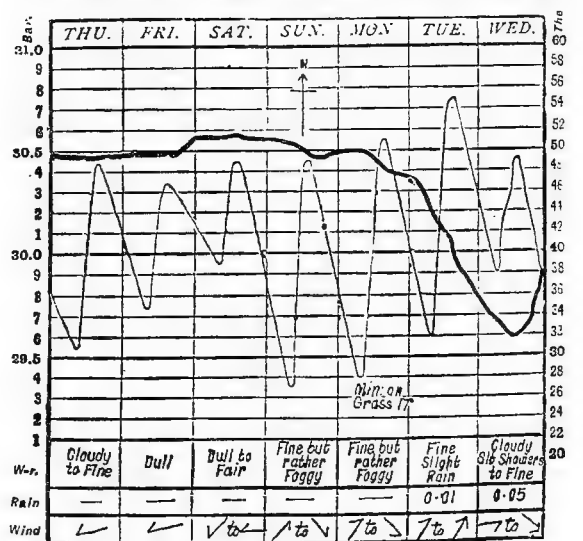
GOLF.—On Wimbledon Common Oxford and Cambridge have played their seventh annual game, the former winning by thirty-eight holes. The Dark Blues have now been victorious five times to their opponents' twice.

LACROSSE.—Liverpool has won the North of England Challenge Flags, beating Heaton Mersey in the final tie by nine goals to three.—In the competition for the South of England Flags, London has beaten Clapton by four goals to one.

COACHING.—The "butterfly" coaching season gives promise of being an active one, notwithstanding the "general depression." The "Old Times," now running from Piccadilly to Oatlands Park, will extend the route next month to Virginia Water. Mr. Shearer will start the "Perseverance" from London to Dorking and Boxhill at Easter. Mr. Walter Shoolbred will supply the teams, and run the "New Times" coach to Guildford. Colonel Ferguson and Mr. Baily will horse a coach to go daily to Windsor. Mr. Romney will start the "Wonder," to run from London to St. Albans, and arrangements are being made for other coaches, including one which will run to Brighton, journeying through Kent to the South Coast. The old White Horse Cellars will be the chief starting-point; and doubtless the windows of the "New" Hatchett's will be as full of spectators of the morning departures as were those of the old.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the past week was fine and dry generally up to nearly its close, when a change to less settled conditions gradually set in. Between Thursday (12th inst.) and Sunday (15th inst.) a large anti-cyclone, in which readings exceeded 30.6 inches for the greater part of the time, covered our islands, while areas of relatively low pressure existed both over the south of France and north of Scandinavia. Light or moderate westerly breezes prevailed in the extreme north, frequent calms over the more inland parts of the country, and fresh or strong north-easterly winds in the English Channel. Mist or fog was experienced generally during the early morning hours of these days, to be followed by fine, clear, and dry weather nearly everywhere. In the course of Sunday (15th inst.), however, the barometer began to fall somewhat decidedly in the north, and by Tuesday morning (17th inst.), the high pressure system had quite given way, a large depression then lying off the north of Scotland. The wind now backed to the westward generally, and increased in force, with cold showers at several of the Irish and Scotch stations, but the weather continued fine elsewhere. By Wednesday morning (18th inst.) the depression in the north had passed away eastwards, and northerly gales of some strength were experienced in the north-west of Ireland and north of Scotland. Between Tuesday (17th inst.) and Wednesday (18th inst.) snow fell in Scotland, and hail or cold rain over Ireland and England. Temperature has been commonly low by night (some degrees below the freezing point) over inland England and Ireland, but fairly high by day; while, on the whole, the average has not differed much from the normal. The barometer was highest (30.58 inches) on Saturday (14th inst.); lowest (29.58 inches) on Wednesday (18th inst.); range, 1.00 inches. Temperature was highest (55°) on Tuesday (17th inst.); lowest (27°) on Sunday (15th inst.); range, 28°. Rain fell on two days. Total amount, 0.06 inches. The greatest fall occurred on Wednesday (18th inst.).

WOMEN IN COREA seem to be of little account. They have no names of their own, but are solely somebody's daughter, wife, or mother.

THE SCHEME OF FORMING A STATE PARK ROUND NIAGARA FALLS, which has so long been under consideration, at last promises fulfilment. It was proposed to buy the lands surrounding the Falls, where private owners fenced in the grounds and charged for admission and view of the Falls, and also disfigured the scene by unsightly erections and advertisements. After long discussion, the Special Commissioners have reduced the owners' claims to 340,000*l.*, and the New York Legislature will shortly be asked to provide the funds for making the grounds public property, and free them from their present disfigurements and restrictions.

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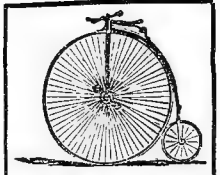
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MAKERS TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

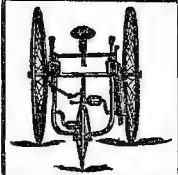
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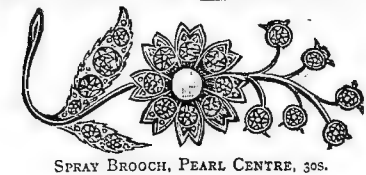
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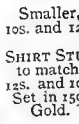
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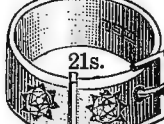
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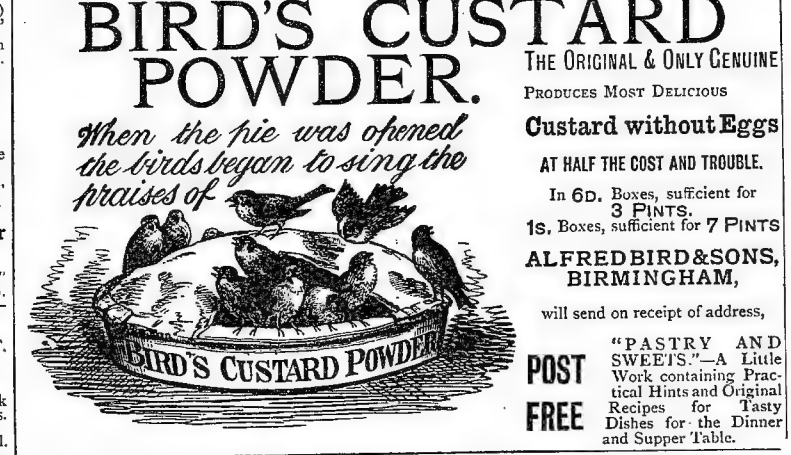
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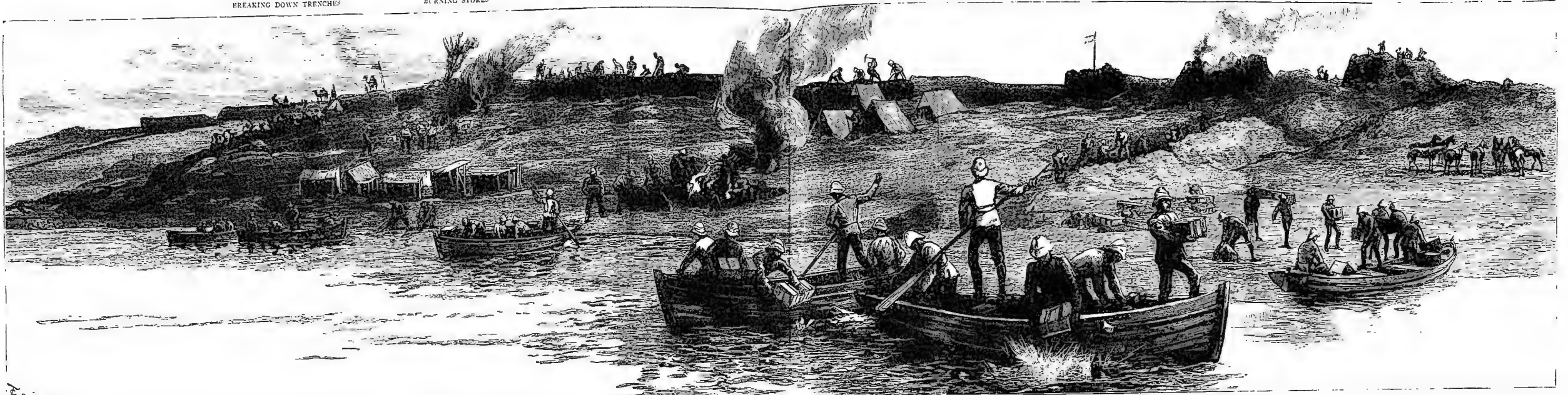
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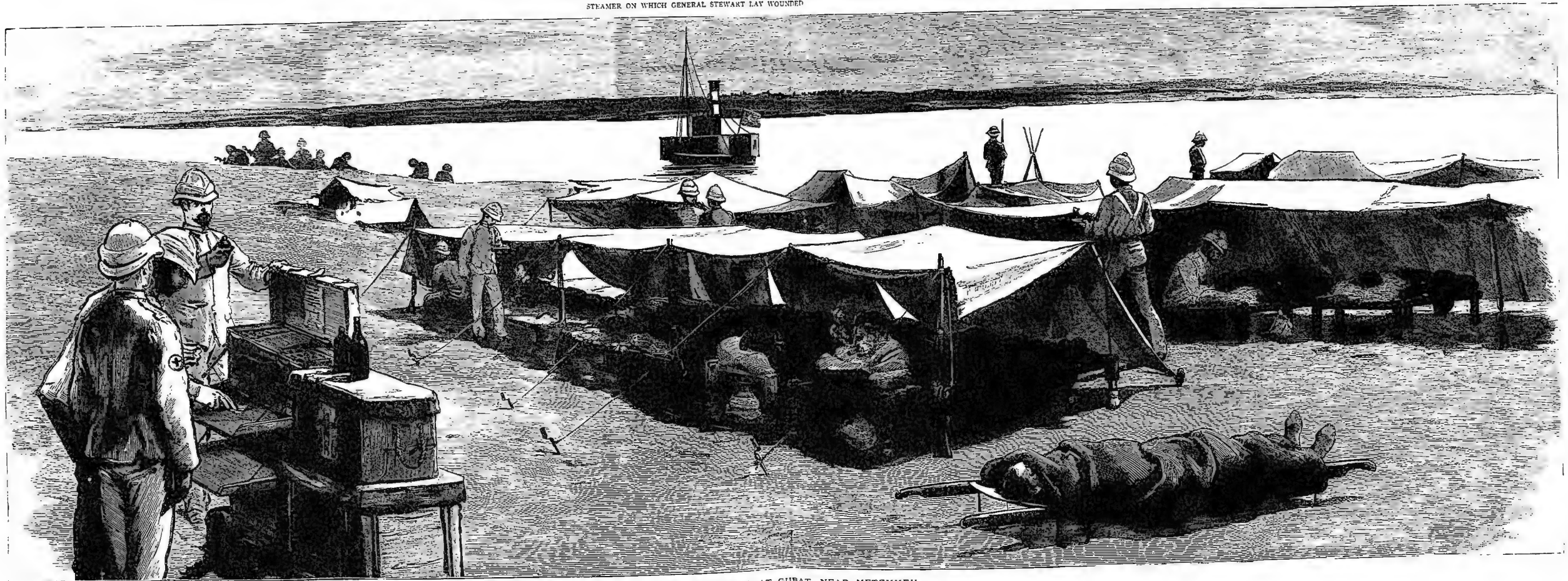
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“You know now what Jim is, Cousin Isidor,” said Enid. “You will tell papa and mamma how they have misjudged him.”

COUSIN ISIDOR: A NOVELETTE

BY FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF “AMONG ALIENS,” “LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA,” &C., &C.

CHAPTER IX.

HESITATION

It may seem strange, and even incredible to some persons, that Mr. Isidor Weekes had never thought of his property as a reason why his relatives should court his society and envy each other his favour. Nevertheless, such was the fact. His love of approbation had never sought for food in that direction. His father had left him an income far more than sufficient for his wants. He had not, indeed, spent half of it during many years. Not that he was at all of an avaricious nature; but he had been wandering about the world as a bachelor of inexpensive habits, without a family to support, or an establishment to keep up. And his money, meanwhile, had been rolling up with no effort, and very little thought, on his part. Occasionally it had crossed his mind that he might buy a little estate not too far from town, or perhaps a house in London, and end his days in an English home of his own. But the pictures which his fancy took pleasure in conjuring up were very little connected with the state of his banker's account. His talents, his accomplishments, the polish of his manners, the reputation of his books,—these things, indeed, would reasonably mark him out for distinction. The Milburys and the Fairfords

would welcome him with a good deal of pride and enthusiasm as the author of “Three Years in Jamaica” and “Pomegranate Blossoms from the South,” whose position in literary circles could not fail to shed lustre on the family.

What disappointments had awaited him we know, in part. Many mortifications and disillusionments had fallen to his share in London, which do not properly find a place in this brief chronicle. But we have seen that their cumulative power had sufficed to send him to King's Casby on the forlorn hope of finding provincial society more appreciative of refined merit than was that of the metropolis—vulgarised and over-run as it was by the *snobocracy*. But this hope, too, had failed. His cousin Eliza was the only creature in King's Casby who appeared fully to acknowledge his claims to admiration. And, by an odd perversity of fate, his cousin Eliza proved on more intimate acquaintance to be a great deal sillier than he had ever thought her!

Latterly, however,—ever since Enid's arrival at the Red House—the old gentleman had been interesting himself more in the welfare and happiness of another person than he had ever done in his life before. Even some portion of his vanity had, so to speak, transferred itself to Enid's perfections; and vicarious vanity has several advantages over that which is personal. Nor was there

wanting a good share of genuine affection in Mr. Weekes's sentiments towards his god-daughter. Recently Enid had softened to him marvellously. Even in the matter of the Rotherhams' rejected invitation, she had not resented his interference in her old haughty way. And after his parting scene with Mrs. Devayne he felt that he had burnt his ships in *that* direction, and must now take sides with Enid against the whole Rotherham faction, and even (on this point) against Lady Milbury herself.

In recurring to Mrs. Devayne's sayings and doings on the occasion of that memorable interview, Mr. Weekes thought several times of her words about Enid's chance of marrying well: “Though she is handsome she has not a penny.” It occurred to him now for the first time that her father was probably not in circumstances to give her a dowry during his lifetime, and that she could inherit but little after his death. The chief part of the General's property, inherited from an uncle, was to go (by the terms of that uncle's will) to his eldest son. Charlotte, he knew, had been poor when she married. The Milburys were not people to have lived much within their income. Meditating on these things, a new source of self-importance disclosed itself to Mr. Weekes. It depended on him to place his god-daughter in a very different position from that so insolently described by Mrs. Devayne.

And perhaps the thought of proving that accomplished lady to have spoken not merely insolently, but ignorantly, was not wholly alien to his satisfaction in remembering it. He determined to take an early opportunity of going to town and consulting his lawyer and his banker. He would ascertain clearly how his worldly affairs really stood.

The morning after the excursion to Applecote, Jim Fairford had a private conversation with his father. The purport of it did not much surprise Dr. Fairford, although it would greatly have surprised him four-and-twenty hours previously. It is remarkable how soon one gets used to a new idea when once accepted. The march of time seems to have little to do with that familiarity. A new boot takes far longer to grow easy. Jim was over head and ears in love with Enid, and Enid had promised to marry him. That is a quintessential statement of what the young man had to communicate; but, although no waster of words, he did not, of course, convey it in those two sentences.

Dr. Fairford's reception of the news was not entirely what his son had hoped for. True, he was kind and affectionate, and had quite as high an opinion of Enid as could reasonably be expected from any one whose insight was not quickened by the inestimable advantage of being in love with her. But still Dr. Fairford's approbation was not without serious reserves. For his part he had always held the rather uncommon opinion that marriage was a matter which more concerned the contracting parties than their friends. Yet in the present case he could not be insensible to the view Enid's friends might take of it. He was tolerably sure that Sir Peter and Lady Milbury would be displeased and disappointed. The marriage would undoubtedly be a poor one in a worldly sense. Jim's income was improving, to be sure. He had enough to live on, and even to keep a wife on, provided the wife were content to live very simply. But would Enid be content to do so? She was a beauty and a spoiled child. She might possibly look upon being romantically in love, merely as an amusement which was to cost not even the sacrifice of a new bonnet! Dr. Fairford in his heart thought better of her than that. But he put all sorts of disagreeable suppositions before himself lest his wishes should tempt him to be too sanguine.

The first piece of advice he gave his son was to lose not a moment in communicating with Sir Peter Milbury; the second was to keep his own counsel and to bid Enid do the same until Sir Peter's answer should arrive. "And now," he added, "ask Enid to do me the favour of coming into the study for a few minutes. I think it my duty to point out to her in a fatherly manner what an uncommonly foolish thing she is doing for herself. You won't mind that?"

"No, sir; I shan't mind that," answered Jim, presenting to his father's contemplation a youthful version of his own grave smile and quaintly-raised eyebrows.

Enid came, and Dr. Fairford, who was more deeply moved than he allowed to appear, talked to her earnestly for a long time, setting forth all the standard arguments he could think of against hasty engagements and imprudent marriages. When he ceased Enid thanked him very prettily, and acknowledged herself to be unworthy of Jim's love, having been hitherto a slight, selfish kind of creature. But she would strive with all her heart to deserve her great happiness, and only regretted that Jim was not a great deal poorer, that she might have had the delight and glory of making some little sacrifice for his sake.

"I see," said Dr. Fairford, very gravely, "that my arguments have produced all the effect that could have been anticipated. If you are equally successful with your parents, we may look forward to a very harmonious family meeting when they come home."

But Enid could not be persuaded into any apprehensions on that score. She had been a petted darling all her life, and she was sure that, whatever ambitions her father and mother might have entertained for her, they would postpone everything to her happiness. She would write that very day to Kissingen and send her letter with Jim's. She had no fear as to the result. Dr. Fairford would see.

Five days passed without incident. On the sixth arrived the expected letters from Kissingen. There was one for Enid, one for Jim, and one for Mr. Weekes. Enid's envelope contained letters from both her father and mother. She hurried away to the summer-house to read them alone; and although her heart beat faster than usual as she unfolded them, her confidence did not waver.

All the more severe was the shock she received on reading her father's first words. Sir Peter Milbury had written in a towering passion. And when he was in a passion he used the most violent expressions he could find. He scouted the idea of the marriage with angry contempt. It was out of the question. Mr. James Fairford's presumption was truly extravagant, but *he*, at least, was not a fool. It was Enid whose conduct astonished her father. How could she, whom he had always credited with some self-respect and good sense, have fallen into such romantic absurdity? How could she think of connecting herself with such an underbred, scheming crew as the Fairfords? Lady Milbury's letter was milder, but not more consoling. She, too, was amazed and distressed beyond words, and inclined to reproach every one in the Red House for conniving at such a disastrous business. Enid sat and read with pale face and burning eyes. "They don't know him. They haven't the smallest knowledge of Jim," she kept repeating to herself, while hot tears began to drop on the letters she held on her knee. It was the only excuse she could find for her father's words—the only argument to keep her rising indignation and rebellion from passing all bounds of filial duty. The letters ended by announcing the speedy return of Sir Peter and Lady Milbury to England, and peremptorily bidding Enid go home at once, so as to meet them in town. In this at least her parents should be promptly obeyed. She longed to see them,—to speak with them. It was impossible that they should hold out when they knew that her happiness was at stake,—when they had learned to appreciate Jim. She sprang at once to her feet, feeling that any action would be a relief from the pain of sitting still and thinking.

At this moment Mr. Weekes appeared in the garden, evidently seeking for her.

He had received a letter from Lady Milbury which had utterly perplexed and amazed him. Could Enid throw any light on it? "That abominably presumptuous woman," said he, "appears to have been writing to your mother in a most unwarrantable manner." Enid took the letter which her godfather held out to her and cast her eyes hastily over it. It was a confused epistle, written apparently in considerable agitation. Lady Milbury took it for granted that Cousin Isidor knew all about the love-making between the young people. There were even some plaintive reproaches against him. Why had he not backed up Mrs. Devayne's friendly efforts to take Enid to Halsted Hall? Had he done so, this sad affair might have been avoided. Mrs. Devayne had evidently conveyed the most mortifying impression possible to poor Lady Milbury of the family at the Red House, and the estimation in which they were held by their neighbours. "She says," wrote Lady Milbury, "that, although she felt very sorry for poor Enid, she could not help being immensely amused by the people she found her among. Her own expression is, 'They were all too impossibly absurd.' Imagine my feelings under present circumstances. Do, pray, do all you can to bring Enid to her senses!"

Perfectly understanding himself to be included among the "impossibly absurd" persons, Mr. Weekes's indignation rose to boiling point. Perhaps the shock of the revelation which Enid had

to make was thereby mitigated, as a wound received in the heat of battle is not felt at first. He certainly was painfully astonished, however; and painfully convinced that such a marriage would be a deplorable sacrifice on Enid's part. But when Enid appealed to him, with tearful eyes and flushed cheeks, to bear testimony to Jim's merits; when she said, "Of course Mrs. Devayne can't be expected to know any better; she is of her own poor little world, worldly! But you know now what Jim is, Cousin Isidor. You will tell papa and mamma how they have misjudged him," Mr. Weekes could only stroke her hair softly and murmur something about not distressing herself, and taking time to consider.

The whole house was soon in commotion. Enid announced that her parents were coming home immediately, and that she must leave King's Casby by the afternoon train. Celia and Imogen were loud in lamentations; but Mrs. Fairford received the news with great equanimity, until she found that Cousin Isidor had suddenly resolved to go too, and escort Enid to town. Then, indeed, she perceived with disgust that the Milburys had made up their minds not to let the old man out of their sight even for a day. And she owned to Dr. Fairford that such a grasping, jealous spirit was incomprehensible to her.

The farewells were necessarily brief. There was a short interview between Enid and Dr. Fairford in the study, and a somewhat longer one with Jim in the garden. But Jim was to drive her to the station, and there would be time for some more last words with him. The bustle and hurry of the departure, and the necessity Mrs. Fairford felt herself under of personally superintending the packing of Cousin Isidor's travelling bag, and of making him reiterate his promise to return very soon to the Red House, distracted her attention from Enid and Jim. As for Mr. Weekes, he had by no means clearly determined on his own course of action. When, on their arrival at Dunster Station, Jim came up to him and, cordially grasping his hand, thanked him for standing by Enid, and accompanying her to town; and Enid declared that she should never, never forget it, poor Mr. Weekes felt that they were taking rather too much for granted. He could not give an unqualified approval—he could not bind himself. But even while he was trying to arrange a speech such as the occasion demanded, the express drew up panting and puffing at the platform, he was hurried into a carriage, and in a few seconds was being whirled away from King's Casby, with Enid seated opposite to him, smiling through her tears as she set forth what a comfort it was to Jim to know that she had such a kind friend beside her; and how both she and Jim relied on Cousin Isidor's influence with her parents.

CHAPTER X.

CONSOLATION

FOR the first time in Enid's young life, she found herself suffering under the persistent displeasure of those around her. Sir Peter had hurried home from Kissingen in a furious temper, growling all the way over "this confounded nonsense," which, however, he should soon put a stop to. And his anger was increased tenfold by Enid's unexpectedly steady resistance. With almost childlike surprise she found that her representations of Jim's high-mindedness and unselfishness produced no effect whatever in modifying her father's objections to him as a son-in-law. Even her mother was not moved by them beyond saying, "I'm very glad that James is such a good young man. But, my dearest Enid, that is no reason why you should marry him! You can't marry every young man who is kind to h's family."

Charley was divided between his affection for his sister and a desire to act the manly part of Mentor, and to preach from his stores of worldly knowledge. A little natural disappointment at losing the September shooting at Applecote added some sternness to his general disapprobation of the "jolly mess Jim Fairford had got Enid into with the governor."

Altogether, the little household which had been so united was now divided and gloomy. Jim had written a very manly and temperate letter in answer to General Milbury's stern refusal to consent to his daughter's engagement. But he had not said the only thing which could have conciliated Sir Peter—he had not relinquished the hope of some day marrying Enid. And short of that, no soft answer that he could make would avail to turn away wrath.

September passed dimly. Sir Peter refused to leave town again. He had been "dragged home by this infernal folly," he said; "and at home he would stay." There was some undefined idea in his mind of punishing somebody, or everybody, by this determination. But he himself was the chief sufferer by it. All his special cronies were out of town, all his old habits were put out of joint, and he grew so ferocious that the club servants dreaded the sight of him, and his own cook gave warning. Enid was thoroughly depressed and unhappy. She was forbidden to correspond with Jim; and she could not even speak of him with any satisfaction, except now and then to Cousin Isidor. It was an odd turn of things which made her find her chief comfort at this time in his society and sympathy.

The fact was that she and her godfather were in disgrace together. Sir Peter was inclined to lay the whole blame of Enid's visit to King's Casby on Mr. Weekes's shoulders. And Lady Milbury could not forgive him for not having urged her to accept the Rotherhams' invitation. Whenever he began to express some of his stored-up indignation against Mrs. Devayne, his cousin Charlotte would plaintively answer, "Oh but, Isidor, she is a very clever woman. And she had Enid's best interests at heart. You see what has come of not following her advice."

All this had the effect of drawing Mr. Weekes more and more towards the side of the young people. It distressed him, too, to see his god-daughter's bright face overclouded. There was no symptom, indeed, of her dying of a broken heart, or fading away in a decline. But her cheeks lost their bloom, and her joyous laugh was as silent as last April's cuckoo.

Mr. Weekes lingered on in London (to the inexpressible indignation of Mrs. Fairford, who hoped her husband saw how right she had been about the Milburys *now*!), paying frequent visits to his lawyer, and obtaining an accurate account of the state of his property. And he thus had ample opportunity for watching Enid, and for assuring himself that she showed no symptoms as yet of wavering in her faith to Jim. At first he had been inclined to accept her parents' view, namely, that time and absence would cure Enid of her "infatuation." At least he had not altogether repelled that view. But as the weeks passed he held it less and less. And at length he began to ask himself why, after all, Enid should *not* be in love with Jim? Jim had good principles, good manners, and good looks. He was a gentleman by education and feeling. (As to birth—well, perhaps it was not necessary to go into that question at all; but Isidor Weekes perfectly remembered Peter Milbury's rich uncle, the drysalter, from whom the General inherited.) A girl certainly did no discredit either to her head or heart by falling in love with James Fairford. To these ideas was soon added the seductive one of playing a shining part in the young people's history; of becoming the leading figure in the family group, and concentrating on himself a large share of the family interest.

So little did Sir Peter and Lady Milbury suspect the turn Mr. Weekes's thoughts were taking that the first hints he threw out as to the possibility of yielding to Enid's wishes were not understood. "I suppose," said Mr. Weekes, in his feeble-polite accents, "that you have no real objection to young Fairford except on the score of his pecuniary position?"

"And objection enough, isn't it? You and I have lived too long in the world to believe in love in a cottage, or any bosh of that sort!" blustered Sir Peter. But Lady Milbury declared that money was not *her* only objection. Enid would do honour to a coronet, and it was dreadful to think of her marrying to be absolutely *nobody*!

My lady's opposition, in fact, though much more gentle, proved to be also much more persistent than her husband's. Sir Peter found it very hard to endure the daily discomfort of being angry with Enid, when once his first heat had cooled. And when after a while he discovered that Mr. Weekes had really gone over to the enemy, and was more or less openly pleading the cause of the young people, instead of his former bursts of contempt and indignation, Sir Peter would merely say wistfully, "Well, that's all very fine, but they can't live on fine feelings, and what's the way out of the mess?"

To this question Mr. Weekes had for some time past been preparing a triumphant reply. During the first weeks of October he had been making frequent short absences from town, as to which he was very mysterious and reticent. And before the end of the month he wrote to Sir Peter Milbury the following letter:—

"MY DEAR MILBURY,—

"It is now some twenty years (*ehou! fugaces labuntur anni!*) since you acted as my proxy, I being at the time a wanderer in Magna Græcia, at the christening of my god-daughter Enid. My protracted absence from England has prevented me from availing myself of some of the pleasant privileges of a sponsor, such as the presentation of birthday and New Year's gifts, *et cætera*. My unpaid debts in this agreeable kind have been rolling up at compound interest; and having always despised the *imitatores servum pecus*, I shall take leave to adopt my *own* way of discharging them, instead of having recourse to the conventional and ordinary method of '*testamentary dispositions*.' Considering the position with the eyes of one who is—if I may venture to say so—not quite a common person, nor apt to take *altogether* common views, I have resolved to settle *at once* upon my god-daughter a sum sufficient to ensure her all the comforts, and many of the elegancies, to which she has been habituated. I have also completed the purchase of a small estate adjoining Applecote Farm, which I destine for James Fairford (in the event of *certain circumstances* falling out as I could desire) when I shall finally have 'shuffled off this mortal coil,' and of which, meanwhile, I intend him to undertake the management; my own powers—however well adapted, as the world has been kind enough to think, to the cultivation of *literature*—being unequal to the care of terrestrial acres!

"In conclusion I beg, my dear Milbury, that you and my Cousin Charlotte, together with Enid and your son, will do me the favour to pay me a visit in my new abode, which I have been having hastily put into habitable order. The late tenants—slavish followers of the *profanum vulgus of fashion*—had disfigured the house of a good deal by tasteless decorations, such as peacocks, sunflowers, hollyhocks, and other staring objects. But all that is being amended.

"In the hope that your reply will name an early day in which I may expect you, and with sincere regard for yourself and all your family,

"I remain,

"My dear Milbury,

"Very faithfully yours,

ISIDOR WEEKES.

"P.S.—The name of my country house is Halsted Hall."

The intelligent reader will scarcely need to be told that Mr. Weekes's generosity secured the speedy consent of Sir Peter and Lady Milbury to Enid's engagement. Sir Peter was, in fact, heartily glad to relinquish his rôle of stern parent; and to be gratefully thanked for giving up so uncomfortable an attitude was also agreeable. Lady Milbury's consent of course followed her husband's; but it was long before she was reconciled to the obscurity of Enid's position, or ceased to sigh over the accounts of Lord Kilmuir's marriage and Lady Kilmuir's presentation, which, in course of time, appeared in the fashionable intelligence. Mrs. Fairford had too superior a mind to be convinced by the evidence which ordinary persons found cogent; and she continued to maintain (though only in private to her husband) that Enid's visit to the Red House had been a misfortune for the Fairford family, and the means of diverting an inheritance from her children. Such was her magnanimity, however, that this did not prevent her from being on good terms with her daughter-in-law, nor from continuing her assiduous and flattering attentions to Mr. Weekes, who had still a considerable sum to dispose of by will.

The gratitude of Enid and Jim towards Cousin Isidor did not in the least abate or cool to the end of his life, which is the best possible testimony to the happiness of their union. Cousin Isidor himself never repented his liberality. Nor did he attempt to levy any onerous tribute of thanks for it. What he was very proud of was the letter he had written to Sir Peter. He had kept a copy of it which he read to Dr. Fairford, to his cousin Eliza, and to the girls—carefully explaining to the latter the meaning of the Latin quotations.

Perhaps one of the chief sources of content and pleasure to Mr. Weekes in his later years was his establishing a connection with a local newspaper published weekly. To this periodical he contributed many a column of elegant prose. And he even had reprinted from it, at his own expense, a volume of social essays, setting forth the decay of English manners, morals, and things in general, which work afforded him the liveliest satisfaction.

Dr. Fairford would sometimes observe drily to his son, "Your wife, Jim, with the devotion that belongs to good women, makes Cousin Isidor a far better return than you do. I don't deny that you are respectful, and patient, and kind, and grateful for the old gentleman's generosity—but Enid reads his books."

THE END

SUNDRIES.—A portrait, admirably etched by Leon Richeton, of the late Mr. Henry Fawcett has been published by Messrs. Macmillan and Bowes, of Cambridge. The likeness is particularly striking, and M. Richeton may be congratulated on having produced a thoroughly artistic and life-like portrait of our late Postmaster-General.—A very clear and carefully-compiled "Large Scale War Map of the Eastern Soudan" has been forwarded by Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston. The map embraces Dongola, Suakim, Berber, Khartoum, and Kassala, together with a view and plan of Khartoum, a detailed plan of Suakim, and a horizontal section of the country through which the proposed railway to Berber will pass.—Another war map of peculiar interest is a *fac simile* sketch of the country between Suakim and Khartoum *via* Berber, drawn by the late General Gordon in 1874, when at Khartoum as Governor-General of the Soudan. It is published by Mr. Edward Stanford, and contains a multitude of notes on the journey, and the halting stations in Gordon's handwriting, which cannot fail to be of service in the forthcoming Expedition.—The Ragged School Union have published a sheet containing coloured portraits of the chief promoters of and workers in Sunday Schools, and illustrations of children before and after they have been taken from the streets and placed in a way of earning a living. The illustrations are well printed by Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co.



"MISS CADOGNA," a romance, by Julian Hawthorne (1 vol. : Chatto and Windus), is a finished work of art, the effect being obtained by the obvious but most unusual process of putting into it everything that is required, and of leaving out everything that is not required. There is not a line of preface, or of padding, or of needless description or reflection; there is not even a superfluous character: and the result is all that the most fastidious taste could desire. The materials moreover are studiously simple and few—the work is not unlike one of those delicately-managed *proverbs*, in which an entire romance, comic, or tragic, or both, is enacted by some two or three performers in the course of a single scene. Mr. Hawthorne has set for himself another of those perplexing problems in the quality of human nature which seem to have an unfailing attraction for him. In this case he has made the central interest of his miniature attach to an Irish girl of Italian origin, longing with one of her natures for such a life as might have been led by one of her Venetian ancestresses, and with the other only waiting for a real man's real love to wake up and claim her for noble ends. Of course the work would not be Mr. Hawthorne's without various mystical suggestions as to the mutual significance of apparently unconnected things, and he makes as much as ever of the influences of race and of innate character. The mystical touches, and the sudden fanciful surprises, throw a poetical colour over the general current of comedy, thus giving the whole an exquisite flavour, something of the sort that the author ascribes, in a charming and characteristic passage, to Irish weather. Miss Cadogna is not, evidently, to be labelled "the portrait of a lady," but to be accepted as a feminine type with the conventionalities taken away. It is curious that so fine an artist and so travelled an observer as Mr. Hawthorne should imagine that Americans are indifferent to rank and title, and should make even his Anglo-Italians use the phraseology of New England, when supposed to be speaking the language of London.

Italian fiction is not well represented in this country; nor can it be said that this country is much the loser. In "The Devil's Portrait," by Anton Giulio Barrili, translated by Evelyn Wodehouse (2 vols. : Remington and Co.), however, we are introduced to an Italian novel which, so far from being either dull, or silly, or both, is delightful altogether, in spite of all its tragedy. Signor Barrili seems to have taken Edmond About for his master—at least that is the impression the excellent translation conveys. The same simplicity and straightforwardness of narration, with a seeming indifference to effect, has a similar accompaniment of light reflection, never too long by a word, and, while always keen and sparkling, avoiding the strain and the monotony of epigram. It is almost singular that so tragic a romance should have been selected by a pen of this order. The story of Spinello Spinelli the Painter proves—at least as dealt with by Signor Barrili—as melodramatic as an opera of Verdi, touched, towards the close, by a grotesqueness more appropriate to a typical German legend. The author has evidently no belief in poetical justice of any kind, or in the advantages of honesty or innocence considered as parts of policy. On the other hand, he has given no triumph to evil, but overwhelms all his characters, good and bad, in one common tragedy. In short, he appears to be something of a cynic, and something of a pessimist: but it is only on the surface, for both cynicism and pessimism can very easily be resolved into a most un-Italian dislike for sentiment and rhetoric. There is moreover an exceedingly manliness of tone throughout, and a way of looking at the evils of life in the face, without flinching from them or making light of them, while not forgetting any of the indulgence due to weakness and passion. The author has the whole secret of being able, while he amuses and interests, to teach his readers a broad and healthy philosophy without the least trouble to themselves. There is a good deal about Art, but, extraordinary to say, no nonsense about a subject which, next to music, is the cause of more nonsense than any other.

Mr. John Hill, if he continues to make as much advance as in "Sally" (3 vols. : Tinsley Bros.), should in due course of time write a really good novel. From internal evidence, his faults are proof positive of youth; he revels in the cynicism, unlike Signor Barrili's, which comes before real knowledge of real life, and he has made the ten thousandth original discovery that the globe is hollow, and that the doll, otherwise woman, is stuffed with sawdust. He also still believes in Bohemia, not as it is, but as it is idealised by convention. Meanwhile he has given ample proof of his cleverness, and of his capacity for putting life into his characters. Sally herself, a study of a coquette with, to put things mildly, less heart than most authors would venture to consider among the possibilities of human nature, is not particularly worth elaborate portraiture, but she is made the most of, and is made to show round how slight and poor a pivot any number of tragedies may revolve. The other characters are also skilfully drawn, a young Scotch doctor being especially noteworthy as evidence of Mr. Hill's as yet imperfectly developed powers of attracting sympathy to his creations: and this skill is the greater inasmuch as they belong to the familiar types of fiction. The talk is invariably lively and bright, and the style clear and graceful. The story is decidedly above the average in the matter of interest, and, as a work of promise, calls for exceptional praise.

"Not Every Day," a Love Octave, by Constance MacEwen (2 vols. : Ward and Downey), is not singular in being nonsense, but as pretentious nonsense it certainly has few equals. In one respect it is clever. It is so written that a hasty reader might set down his failure to follow Constance MacEwen's metaphysics to his own hurry, and to take, in charity, *omne ignotum pro mirifico*. We have not read "Not Every Day" in a hurry, and have honestly examined its apparently profound investigations of human nature, and can only come to the conclusion that Constance MacEwen is a mistress of the art of putting as little sense into as many words as is at all possible, and of the kindred art of disguising platitudes in eccentric phrases, as if her ideas were too deep to be expressed in the language and grammar of every day. Possibly there are people who will think it all very fine: but we cannot do Constance MacEwen the injustice of imagining that she will entertain much respect for her own admirers.

"The Heart of Jane Warner," by Florence Marryat (3 vols. : F. V. White and Co.) is entirely in the style of its author's later novels, except that it has somewhat more story than usual. Its moral is therefore, it need not be said, the selfishness and brutality of man, and the frailty of angelic woman. In no respect will Florence Marryat's circle of readers be disappointed.

We have received also the following novels and tales which we have not space to review at length: "The Lodge by the Sea," by Mrs. H. Lovett-Cameron (1 vol. : F. V. White and Co.); "Weary Wealth" by Mrs. Herbert Lea (1 vol. : Manchester; Brook and Chrystal, 11, Market Street); "Major Frank" by A. L. G. Bosboom-Toussaint (1 vol. : T. Fisher Unwin); "Allan Stuart," by Hop-Lees (1 vol. : Griffith and Farran); "Edith," by Redna Scott (3 vols. : W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.); "When We Two Parted," by Sarah Doudney (1 vol. : J. and R. Maxwell); and "The Pierced Heart," by Captain Mayne Reid (1 vol. : J. and R. Maxwell).

WINTER NIGHTS IN THE HIGHLANDS

WITHOUT any of the usual forms of recreation—books, newspapers, concerts, or dramatic entertainments—the Highlander can spend his long winter evenings in a manner highly agreeable to his tastes. He is eminently a sociable being; loves his neighbour as himself, and his neighbour, knowing this, not only makes him welcome to his house, but insists upon his coming. Since they are neighbours they must be neighbour-like, or something would be thought wrong. The kindest actions would go for nothing, and might be received with suspicion, unless backed up by social intercourse. Where every tramp and beggar is entitled to a friendly word in passing, whatever more besides, it would be absurd to consider yourself a man's neighbour merely for acknowledging him when you casually meet. You must spend your evenings where he does if you would perform your duty to the community. You are neither asked to dinner nor tea, but you are expected to go, whether asked or not, and "cailly." The term, for which there is no English equivalent, is a Gaelic one, and, we may add, the Sassenach is not likely to form a worse opinion of it because it is here spelled phonetically. As an institution cailly has been denounced in some quarters, still it survives; but although not so popular as formerly, every true Highlander would regret to see it become a thing of the past. Nothing fosters the "clannishness" and the friendly feelings for which the Highlands are remarkable more than caillying. The families of a neighbourhood are bound together, are ready to help each other in emergency; will rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with those that weep; will show their regard for one another in a thousand ways as surprising as delightful to the stranger. The selfishness of the outside world has no place there, where each in acting for himself regards his neighbour's interest as much as his own.

Now, how are we to account for these prevailing traits, unless they be the outcome of caillying? But as the verb "cailly" and all its parts have probably been omitted from the reader's dictionary, it may be well to state what to cailly is. Well, then, it is a social arrangement which Highlanders have for passing the long winter nights. By mutual agreement they meet in a certain house night after night, to tell stories. They generally select a "black" one, i.e., a house with the fire on the middle of the floor, because of its warmth. Forming themselves into a circle round the fire, they tell their stories, the more ghostly the better, to the music of the goodwife's spinning-wheel. An old black iron lamp with a rush in it used to supplement the light of the fire, for the spinner's benefit, but now paraffin-lamps are taking the place of the older kind. A dog or two, half-asleep, crouching in the ashes, will look up and bark when, at a critical point in the narrative, the wheel is stopped. The surroundings are eminently favourable for tales of the supernatural. The roof, of a glossy black, is dimly seen through the smoke which hangs like a cloud over the heads of the listeners. A little beyond the fire there is a vault of complete darkness, leading to the byre, from which strange sounds occasionally come that make the cailliers start. Their flesh creeps as they listen with rapt attention; for the moment they believe in fairies, goblins, water kelpies, and would not be surprised if they had a visit from one or the other of them. When the door opens, and something is heard advancing, it is a relief to find it is only Sandy McDonald, who greets them with "Peace be here," as he comes to the light. "Why, Sandy, we thought ye were a ghost," says somebody, with a laugh, at which Sandy shakes his head seriously, to intimate that ghosts are no laughing matters.

The goodwife who shares his opinion says "Hicht!" bids Sandy take a seat, and informs the company that such unseemly jesting is altogether out of place. May they all be preserved from seeing what so many have seen to their terror! Thus encouraged, Sandy broods over his own particular ghostly experiences during the short silence which ensues. Then the goodwife asks him what he is thinking about. Nothing loth, he tells his story very circumstantially—a story which would show to great advantage in the Proceedings of the Society for Psychological Research. Whether it had any foundation in fact or not, the artist who could commit the scene of its recital to canvas might reckon his fortune made. The old woman stops her wheel so as to catch every word, the light of her lamp revealing her intensely interested face; the old man by her side, with his fingers interlaced, stares into the fire; the dogs look at Sandy as if they too understood; the girls bend closer to their lovers, allowing their knitting or sewing to fall idly into their laps; the young men, between doubt and belief, are trying to appear as bold as possible; the gloom beyond the fire, through which the head of a curious calf may be seen; the pot containing supper, suspended from the roof, still swaying to and fro; the glowing fire, the ascending smoke, and Sandy's earnestness, have an effect that no words can adequately describe.

When the story is finished there is a young man in the company who calls it all nonsense. He avers that the ghost age, like the stone age, has passed, never to return. But then there is consolation in knowing that he holds extreme views on other subjects besides ghosts. He is an advanced young fellow—has got so far ahead of his elders that they have ceased to attach any importance to his opinions. A follower of Henry George, he has no patience with most of the topics in which his friends are interested, and tries to lead the conversation from ghosts to "liberty."

"I wish, Sandy," he says, "we could get all the lairds sent to the spirit-land. They would plague us less than they do in the flesh."

"Hoch, mon, ye are always on the old story," replies Sandy. "Yes; and not without reason. Think how we are oppressed in the Highlands, at the present."

"Ye know as little about oppression as ye do about ghosts." "So I think, too," says the old man of the house, firing up. "When we were young, Sandy, it was no laughing we were at the openions of the old folks. And though we were no so fast as some young men o' this day, the world hasna been standing still." "Now, do you really think anything in the way of liberty has really been gained in your time, Mr. Munro?" asks the young man, respectfully.

The patriarch smiles at the ignorance implied by the question. Why, he could remember when tenants were little better than the laird's slaves. They did nearly all his work without pay; had besides to supply him with fowls, butter, and other farm produce, free. Rents were small in those days, so he claimed their labour, and got it. They received nothing but an allowance of oatmeal and milk, in the way of food, when they worked for him, and they were obliged to flock to the neighbouring houses to have this prepared.

Before the old man is done the youthful patriot hears so much of the hardships of other days that he fairly collapses. To cover his defeat he asks if Janet McDonald, who is, or rather was, reported to be a witch, has been caught dragging a knotted tether across Willie Mcintosh's land with the intent of depriving his cows of their "fruit," which in plain English means their milk. Of course he does not believe in witchcraft, and knows the story must be false. His only desire is to make himself popular with the company so as to shine in the eyes of the girl beside him. But a look at her convinces him he has made a mistake. She colours up at his falsehood, and without attempting to conceal her indignation tells him if he can do nothing to help a poor woman like Janet McDonald he might at least refrain from doing her an injury. When he would defend himself, she says:

"Don't try to justify what you know to be wrong. Janet's cottage is badly in want of thatch; I wish some of you young fellows would take that in hand."

She has scarcely spoken when a half-dozen of them offer their services. The young patriot, who cannot allow himself to be outdone in carrying out a suggestion coming from her, promises to give the straw in addition to his help in putting it on the old woman's roof. After that his lady-love relents, and becomes confiding once more.

The rest of the evening is spent in harmony. Without being a Mutual Improvement Society in name the cailly meetings bear a close resemblance to such a Society in principle. Ideas are freely exchanged, and everybody generally goes away wiser than he or she came. The old folks give their experience of the past along with its traditions; while the young folks, who, as a rule, are better read in modern knowledge. Thus the long evenings are spent with profit as well as pleasure.

When the time for breaking up approaches they leave in twos and threes, with "Blessings be with you" in Gaelic, or else the modern "Good-night." Those that remain to the end are invited to supper, which they will probably decline.

Then the old woman having stowed her spinning-wheel away bids the Goodman take "the Book." The wheel is left till the cailliers are all gone, lest its removal should be taken by them as a hint to leave.

A great part of the evening having been taken up by talking of friends and relatives in distant lands, with occasional reference to those at rest, the old man, in his closing prayer, recommends the living to the care and mercy of God, his voice faltering as he adds "especially ours," a petition which deeply moves the hearts of those of his family present, for they think of their scattered members, so widely parted that a meeting on this side of the grave seems impossible. J. S.



II.

AMONG the Anglo-American magazines the *Century* holds, as usual, the foremost place. In serial fiction it has such writers as Henry James and W. D. Howells; but the opening article will probably just now be read with most interest. There General Colston, in "The Land of the False Prophet," gives much information about the Soudan that will at present be found intensely and generally interesting. "If we do not hold Khartoum," he thinks that "that country will relapse into barbarism; its vast trade will be lost to the world; and to the comparatively strong and civilised Government which enforced good order under Ismail Pasha will succeed anarchy and the redoubled horrors of unrestrained slave-hunting and slave-trading."—There is a strikingly illustrated paper, too, in the *Century*, on "The First Fight of Ironclads," where the exploits of the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* are treated in full.

The frontispiece of *Harper* is one of Wordsworth's miscellaneous sonnets illustrated. Mr. Alfred Parsons is to be congratulated on this, and so is Professor Hewett on his paper, "The House of Orange," which gives a succinct, clear, and entertaining account of the family which was largely instrumental in saving England and Europe from despotism.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* Mr. Craddock's serial, "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," breaks off at an exciting point. The conflict between the moral sense of the Prophet and that of the Tennessee mountaineers is finely described, and says much for the capacity of the author of this weird story.—This magazine also contains an interesting narrative of the life of the mother of Ivan Turgeneff, of whom, however, it is sad to learn that she "spent her childhood and youth in a darkness and misery that stifled all the good in her nature."

Archdeacon Farrar, in the *North American Review*, takes up the cudgels again in advocacy of his popular view of "Future Retribution." It would seem that, but for a technical difference, he and the late Dr. Pusey would have been at one in their opinions on the momentous subject. In a letter to the Archdeacon, dated July 30th, 1880, Dr. Pusey said: "It is a great relief to me that you can substitute the conception of a future purification for those who have not utterly extinguished the grace of God in their hearts. This, I think, would put you in harmony with the whole of Christendom." Canon Farrar himself remarks in view of those of his assailants who dub his teaching "dangerous":—"God is a God of truth, and if we have any belief in Him at all, we shall never believe that error is needed as a safeguard of morals. It is historically absurd to argue that the belief in such a hell as that painted by Tertullian, or Mr. Spurgeon, or Furniss is any protection against the temptations to individual crime."—Besides this, there are other thoughtful articles in the *North American Review*.

This month's is a very good number of the *Gentleman's*. Miss O'Hanlon's serial, "The Unforeseen," makes satisfactory way, and Mr. H. R. Fox-Bourne writes an account of "George Eliot," which is very much to the point. On one much-talked-of matter he says:—"The conventional prejudices which were evoked by George Eliot's relationship with George Henry Lewes were to a large extent weakened, if they were not overcome, by the loyalty and persistence with which that relationship was maintained to the last; and they were well-nigh propitiated by her marriage with Mr. Cross in May, 1880, nearly eighteen months after Lewes's death, and barely more than seven months before her own death, on December 22, 1880."

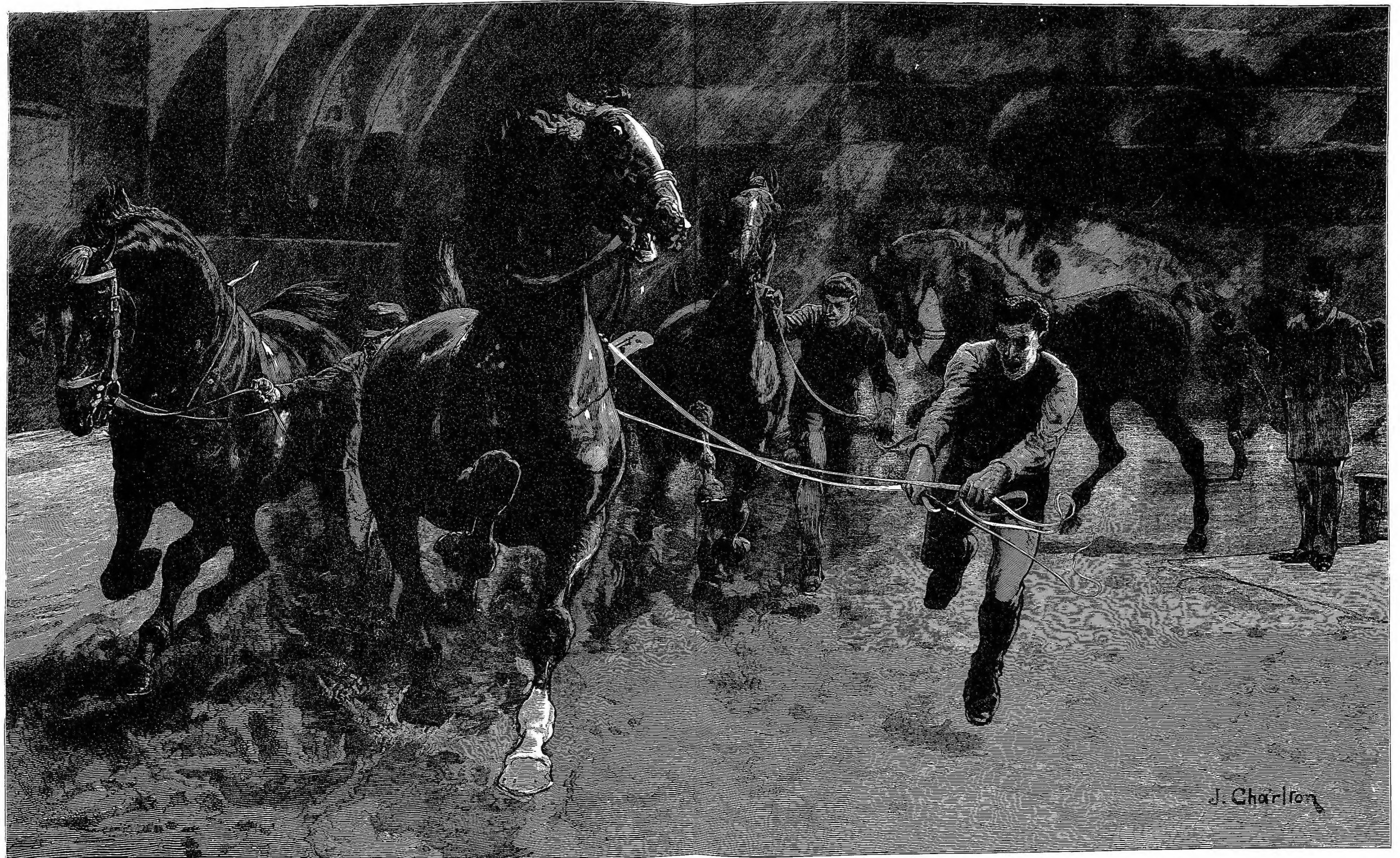
Mrs. Annie Edwards's serial, "A Girton Girl," in *Temple Bar*, continues to be bright and amusing.—"The Diamond Duke," a biography of the late Duke of Brunswick, is an entertaining sketch of an eccentric figure in the disreputable section of higher social life in the first half of the century. This magazine also contains an animated and appreciative sketch of the career of "Adelina Patti."

"Rainbow Gold" in *Cornhill* takes a tremendous and rather disappointing leap in point of time, and the readers of what has seemed to promise to be the strongest of Mr. Christie Murray's stories will await with some curiosity the development of events in the next number.—"The Two Carnegies" is not quite up to the mark of *Cornhill's* short stories. The main idea is trite, and not worked out with much originality.

All loyal folk will read, with pleasure, the extracts from the diary of the two eldest sons of the Prince of Wales, given in the *English Illustrated Magazine* under the title of "H.M.S. *Bacchante* at the Antipodes." The princes enjoyed what they saw and experienced, and express themselves with charming *naïveté*, and with all the absence of pretence or affectation that was to be expected of them. It is easy to understand that they were popular with our kinsmen of the Southern Seas.—Mr. Arthur Keyser has an interesting paper in *Longman's* on the "Hoisting of the Union Jack in New Guinea." The article contains much graphic description, and gives a lively picture of one of the latest additions to the ranks of the subject-races of the British Empire.

Blackwood for March contains almost more than its usual amount of political writing. "Our Egyptian Atrocities" is a powerful indictment from the Tory point of view of the Ministerial policy in Egypt and the Soudan; and Mr. Charles Mackay's verses on "England" are full of spirit and energetic movement.

The *Scottish Geographical Magazine* makes its first appearance this month. It is intended to supply a serious gap in magazine



THE SHOW OF THE HACKNEY STUD-BOOK SOCIETY AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL—PACE AND ACTION

literature, especially for Scotland. A leading place is given to all that more immediately concerns Scotland and the work of Scotsmen, and it aims to be a popular record of every important movement in advance of geographical knowledge.—This number contains an interesting and very readable article, by Professor Geikie, on "The Physical Features of Scotland."—At the end of the magazine there are two capital maps; and the frontispiece is a portrait of Mr. H. M. Stanley. This new periodical eminently deserves the success it will probably obtain.

The *Highland Magazine* is also a novelty. It will provide material to cause the hearts and minds of the Celtic race to keep unsullied the virtues and graces whose fame has reached the world's end. The first chapters of the serial, "The Empty Coffin," promise well. Altogether, the *Highland Magazine* should find an appreciative public.

In *Macmillan* Mrs. Ritchie commences a serial, "Mrs. Dymond," of which it is not possible to augur good or bad just yet.—There is a very thoughtful and admirable article on "Irresponsible Opinion," that will repay perusal.

Merry England has an interesting paper by Miss Alice Meynell on "George Eliot;" and "The Beadle's Shoes," by Mr. A. St. J. Adcock, is an amusing story.

In the *Theatre* there is a criticism of "Brutus on the Stage." The writer remarks "Perhaps—who can tell?—Mr. Barrett's name may come to be associated with another rush of plays relating to antiquity, with a new chapter in the history of the English acted drama." The *Theatre* contains also excellent photographs of Miss Calhoun in *Diplomacy* and of Mr. Thomas Thorne in *Saints and Sinners*.

Fictional matter, of course, predominates in *Belgravia*. The most thrilling of the stories is perhaps Mr. Brander Matthews' "The Elixir of Death," although the verge of possibility, as well as of probability, is here over-stepped.—As a light and not too pretentious narrative, "Outwitted, a Tale of the Abruzzi," is very good in its way.

In *Time* M. Kaufmann tells the world what "The Clergy as the Pioneers of Culture" ought to be. The contrast between his ideal and the reality of every-day life is somewhat amusing. "In pronouncing opinions," he writes, "on books of general literature, on poetry and fiction, the clerk in Orders, as the pioneer of culture, if he has acquired that catholic taste which sees good in everything, will correct with tact and reprove with dignity what is faulty, and will avoid with enlightened sympathy every occasion of wounding the susceptibilities of well-bred men and women, and thus become a successful corrector of social frivolity, as far as it may be detected in the prevalent literary tastes."—Mr. E. Clarke chooses an appropriate time for tracing the career of "A Mahdi of the Last Century," the Sheikh Aghan-Oolb.

The article by Mr. Edward A. Collier on "The French Navy in the Past" in the *Army and Navy Magazine* is written with great judgment and in excellent style. The writer's object is to show that the French seamen, recruited as they are from the hardy and enduring Normans, the bold and enterprising Gascons, and the fiery and active Marseillais, are by no means foes to be despised. He accomplishes his end by a critical and careful examination of the facts of maritime war during the last two centuries. The other articles in this magazine are not merely of popular, but of general interest.

The *Argosy* is the usual excellent sixpennyworth of light fiction, among which a capital descriptive article, "Among the Welsh," finds a place.

The frontispiece of the *Art Journal* is a beautiful etching by Fred. Slocombe, after Mr. Dendy Sadler's painting, "Friday," now in the possession of the Corporation of Liverpool. The humour of the thing is, indeed, excellent.—We also cordially recommend to the reader Mr. Charles Whymper's really charming paper on "Nature Through a Field-Glass," and this is an aspect of Nature which to most men is a sealed book.

In the *Portfolio* the frontispiece etching is by Auguste Massé, from Mr. Hagborg's painting, "Low Tide in the Channel;" the effect of vanishing sunlight on the long expanse of water covering the shrimping flats is well expressed.—Miss Julia Cartwright contributes a valuable archaeological paper on "The Tomb and Chantry of the Black Prince at Canterbury."

In the *Magazine of Art* there is a capital engraving of Professor Montegazza's humorous picture, "His Very Image."—"Poems and Pictures," by Austin Dobson and Fred Barnard, are this time "Cupid in his Cuppes," and show a very graceful fancy.—Mr. Loftie is instructive and entertaining anent "The Older London Churches."



LOUIS ANTOINE FAUVELET DE BOURRIENNE was born in the same year as Napoleon Bonaparte. They were at school together at Brienne-le-Château till Napoleon went to the Military School of Paris. They met again in 1792, when Napoleon was hanging aimlessly about Paris, and De Bourrienne already considered himself on the road to fortune. Bourrienne lets us know that at that time he considered his own chances better than those of his young school-fellow. But soon after, Napoleon went to Italy, and when he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army there, he sent for Bourrienne to be his secretary. This was in 1797. Bourrienne held the post till 1802. During that period he was on terms of the utmost intimacy with Napoleon, accompanying him everywhere, sharing his secret councils, working to advance his fortunes, even negotiating between the First Consul and his spendthrift wife Josephine. In 1802 Bourrienne's office was taken from him, as he was found involved in discreditable money transactions. Later, he embraced the Bourbon cause, and was even Préfet of Police under Louis XVIII. Eventually his finances became ruined, and he died in a madhouse at Caen. In 1829 Bourrienne published his *Memoirs of Napoleon*, and they produced a great sensation. They gave the first authentic account of Napoleon as a man. Errors were abundant enough, and the hostile tone often adopted by the ex-Secretary towards his former master excited the rage of many Bonapartists, who retorted against Bourrienne in various volumes. Bourrienne must be read with care, and his prejudices must be duly considered. He was a man by no means of fine character, he had next to no literary ability, and he alternately adulates and patronises Napoleon. He had many enemies, and he never speaks of these with justice. In looking at Napoleon and his career through Bourrienne's eyes, we use therefore a distorting medium, and only a man with wide knowledge of the period and with access to all other records about Napoleon can properly edit the ex-Secretary. In Colonel R. W. Phipps, late of the Royal Artillery, we have such a man, and his new and revised edition of Bourrienne's "Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte" (3 vols. : R. Bentley and Son), is praiseworthy, honest work. The translation has been carefully compared with the original, and copious notes have been added, checking and comparing Bourrienne's statements whenever possible. The result is an admirable book about Napoleon and his times. It is as entertaining

as garrulous memoirs of well-known men, written by their intimates, are wont to be; and, with Colonel Phipps's judicious editing, it receives genuine historical value. Matter has been added from other sources besides Bourrienne's recollections. In 1802 Bourrienne practically ceased to be intimate with the First Consul, and from that time onwards all that he says about Napoleon must be received with great caution. But Colonel Phipps completes the story of the Emperor's career, dealing with the Hundred Days and Waterloo, and going in much detail into the Emperor's life and death at St. Helena. On the whole we think that Bourrienne estimated justly enough the character of his master. There was much of the flunkey about the memoir-writing secretary; and had he dealt with a noble career no doubt his picture would have been grossly untrue. But in writing of Napoleon his flunkey qualities are not so operative for evil. Lanfrey has probably said the last word about Napoleon Bonaparte, and there is nothing in Bourrienne to set aside Lanfrey's verdict, or to lessen the feeling of indignant contempt which a study of the career of the "Corsican brigand" inevitably excites.

The literature of theosophy increases rapidly. A few weeks ago we noticed in this column a curious work, called "Man," by "Two Chelas;" now we have before us "Theosophy, Religion, and Occult Science," by Henry S. Olcott (George Redway). For a number of years Colonel Olcott had been a firm believer in spiritualism. But after Madame Blavatsky had instructed him in the mysteries of Asiatic Occultism, he abandoned the name of spiritualist, adopted that of theosophist, and accompanied Madame Blavatsky to India, where they founded the Theosophical Society, of which Colonel Olcott is the President. "Theosophy, Religion, and Occult Science" is the title of a number of addresses which Colonel Olcott has delivered to audiences in different parts of India. Each address deals with a different aspect of the theosophical creed, which has now become fairly familiar through the writings of Mr. A. P. Sinnett. One quotation will serve to show the relation of theosophy to philosophy and theology: "It has been truly said that, in investigating the divine nature and attributes, philosophy proceeds entirely by the dialectic method, employing as the basis of its investigation the ideas derived from natural reason; theology, still employing the same method, superadds to the principles of natural reason those derived from authority and revelation. Theosophy, on the contrary, professes to exclude all dialectical process, and to derive its whole knowledge of God from direct intuition and contemplation." Colonel Olcott writes with great enthusiasm; and his style often rises into fine and simple eloquence.

To write a book about "England: its People, Polity, and Pursuits" (Chapman and Hall), focussing into rather less than six hundred pages all the manifold activities of the highly complicated life of this island, would appear at first sight a work worthy of a Gibbon or a Buckle. It has been found, however, that the task can be accomplished by a lesser man. Mr. T. H. S. Escott's "England" is no new book, but the issue of a new and revised edition of it with many alterations and additions, calls for a few words of notice. There is no aspect of social life in England with which Mr. Escott does not deal with success. He shows a surprising range of knowledge and a just sense of proportion in marshalling his facts. His style, too, is easy, yet dignified enough for the subject. The ordinary reader will gain much from the book, and even the careful student of English life, politics, and institutions will find a good deal to repay a perusal of Mr. Escott's well-filled pages.

"The Statesman's Year-Book," edited by J. Scott Keltie (Macmillan), with its well-arranged contents and excellent statistics, is an invaluable work of reference. The edition for the present year—which is the twenty-second annual publication—is fully equal in merit to its predecessors. Fresh matter has been added in several cases, and the accounts of Egypt, Italy, Russia, and some of the British Colonies have been recast. The list of books of reference and reports appended to each section is a valuable feature.

A lively and exciting tale of mystery and love is Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards's "The Missing Man" (Remington and Co.). It would be unfair to tell the plot, which hangs well together, and does not slacken in interest till the last page.

That the popularity of Dickens continues undiminished is proved by the success of Mr. George Dolby's "Charles Dickens as I Knew Him" (T. Fisher Unwin). There is a pleasing freshness and directness about Mr. Dolby's book. In his preface Mr. Dolby asks for leniency from his critics on the ground that he is not a professional writer, and he fears that the critics will miss in his pages the flavour and essence of a genuine literary work. The apologies are quite unnecessary. Professional literary men may rather envy Mr. Dolby, amateur though he declares himself to be, for his power of vivid narrative, his pleasant wit, his happy way of telling a good story; and good stories there are on many of these pages. The book is a record of Dickens's lecturing tours in Great Britain and America from 1866 to 1870. On these tours Mr. Dolby accompanied Dickens as his business manager, and the two were of course thrown intimately together. Dickens was a man who could stand the test of intimacy, and Mr. Dolby is able to write, "Dickens was my great hero—my 'chief'—in the pleasant bygone days when we were 'on the road' together, and his memory is heroic now that he has gone." The end of the narrative is saddened by the warnings of breaking health, which became more and more frequent. There is no doubt that Dickens hastened his end by the extraordinary excitement he underwent during his final readings.

With two millions of the wage-earners about to be enfranchised it is quite time, as Mr. Goddard H. Orpen declares in his preface to M. Emile de Laveleye's "The Socialism of To-Day" (Field and Tuer), that "England, as well as other democracies, if she is in any way to control her destinies, must make up her mind not only as to the true goal of social organisation to be kept in view, but also as to the best and surest way of reaching that goal." A study of M. de Laveleye's book is a good way of arriving at a settled conclusion on these momentous points. M. de Laveleye is deeply read in all Socialistic questions, and writes like a man of shrewdness and discernment. His sympathies, of course, are Liberal; but he is opposed as much as the strongest Tory to any improvement which is to be gained by force. He believes in ordered advance; not in advance by leaps and bounds. He believes, too, in the sense of justice of the middle classes, based as this feeling is upon a belief in the Gospel precepts; and he expects much progress for the true Socialism when its reasonableness is once demonstrated to the middle classes. The contention of the Socialists is, of course, that the love of comfort and desire of possession of the middle-classes will triumph over their sense of morals, and that only daggers and dynamite can rouse them to a sense of justice. This is a danger of which M. de Laveleye himself does not ignore the reality; for he thinks that "in some crisis, when authority is powerless and repressive force paralysed, we may see our capitals ravaged by dynamite and petroleum in a more ruthless and a more systematic manner than even that which Paris experienced at the hands of the Commune."

"Tristram Shandy" is the latest of Professor Morley's contributions to "Morley's Universal Library" (George Routledge and Sons). Here, to a greater extent perhaps than in any other book of the series, do we mark the track of the ruthless "expurgator." Doubtless Professor Morley knows the class for whom he caters; but for our own part we prefer our Sterne unmangled to the polite Sterne which "young person" propriety would force upon us.

Amateur reciters will be pleased with "Readings from American Authors," selected by the Rev. John A. Jennings (Dublin: Carson Brothers). The selection includes the cream of American fun and pathos, both in prose and verse.

Vol. IV. of *Longman's Magazine* is rich in interest, and is especially strong in fiction.

Most persons are acquainted with "Moxon's Popular Poets," and all who are know that the value of these editions is much increased by the scholarly introductions from the pen of Mr. W. M. Rossetti. Mr. Rossetti has now published these lives, adding seven new ones to the list, in a volume called "Lives of Famous Poets" (Ward, Lock, and Co.). No book of the same scope and treatment is in the hands of the public; and we regard this as a valuable help in a study of English poetic literature. Mr. Rossetti is a critic of much judgment; his style is pure and cultivated. The seven new biographies are of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Butler, Dryden, Gray, and Goldsmith. The uncouth woodcuts are the only unpleasant features of the book. Some publishers of cheap books do not yet seem to know that there has been an advance in Art-taste during the last few years which makes it impossible for us to tolerate the illustrations which satisfied our fathers.

There is little new to say in praise of this year's edition of "Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionship," which is now in its 173rd year of publication, and is year by year becoming a more complete and valuable book of reference. During the past eight years, the editor tells us, the contents have been nearly quadrupled by the addition of new, and the elaboration of old features; and the trouble and labour entailed by the publication of such a work is shown by the fact that last year upwards of 20,000 correspondents furnished information relating to births, deaths, marriages, promotions, and alterations in addresses which had occurred during 1884. The additions to the Peerage during that period we learn were only four, including Lord Tennyson, while one Bishopric—that of Southwell—was created. The book is well brought down to date, the appointment of Dr. Temple to the See of London and the marriage of Lord Torrington on February 3rd being duly chronicled.—Another handy book of reference is "The Pocket Hotel Directory" (W. Mackenzie, 115, Fleet Street), which comprises a list of the best hotels, at home and abroad, together with, as far as possible, the charges of such hotels, and a variety of other useful particulars as to cab fares and places of interest.



MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—A *naïve* little episode of country life is given in "Checkmate," a poem by F. E. Weatherly, set to appropriate music by James Sarjeant.—Two songs of average merit are "Oh! Love, Come Back to Me," and "A Cradle Song," words by M. E. Garth, music by Frank H. Simms.—"Parting Words," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and Alfred H. Digby, is a pretty ballad of a somewhat ordinary type.—Three "Andantes for the Organ," by Robert Munro, are respectively entitled—1. "Faith;" 2. "Hope;" 3. "Prayer;" they are simple and easy, and will prove useful to students who are not far advanced in the study of the organ.

MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON AND CO.—Thomas Hood's charming poem, "There's Dew for the Floweret," has been set to music but indifferently well by Walter C. Hay.—"In Midnight Sleep" is a song of average merit, written and composed by Wellington Guernsey and Emile Rosati.—In a song for which W. Guernsey has supplied the music he proves himself to be a better musician than poet. "The Primrose," words by W. A. Pennell, is a fairly good drawing-room ballad.—Appropriate to the present stirring times is "England is Ready," a patriotic song, words and music by Frederick Solomon; there is a spirited chorus in five parts attached to it.—No. 4 of Duncan Davison and Co.'s "Popular Overtures," arranged for two violins (without accompaniments), is "Il Matrimonio Segreto" (Cimaroso).

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING AND GENERAL AGENCY COMPANY.—By far one of the prettiest ballads of the season is "If I Were Queen," the piquant words are by Whyte Melville, music by Mrs. Sheffield Neave. This song is for a soprano.—"Pledge Me, Brim to Brim," is a jovial and tuneful song for a baritone, written and composed by Edward Fitzball and Harry Dancy.—"The Louise Valse," by J. P. Clarke, is but an ordinary specimen of its school; chiefly noticeable for portraits of the Princess Louise and the Duchess of Connaught.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Two songs of more than average merit, music by Odoardo Barri, are: "Old Soldiers," words by G. Clifton Bingham, a spirited song, which will find special favour in the barrack-room or at a smoking concert; and "The Land of Promise," words by Lindsay Lennox, which bears a strong resemblance to Mrs. Hemans' "The Better Land;" there is a violin or violoncello accompaniment *ad lib.*, which is very effective (Messrs. Swan and Co.).—"Memory of Love," poetry by "Sepha," music by Louis F. Goddard, is a feeble ballad, which has been arranged as a valse by the composer; we prefer it in the latter to the former style (Messrs. Goddard and Co.).—"An Offertorium" by T. Sidney Smith, "O Salutaris Hostia" with a solo for a soprano or tenor and an organ accompaniment, is a composition worthy of its clever composer (Messrs. Burns and Oates).—A bright and melodious love ditty for a tenor is: "Why Does the Little Bird Sing on the Tree?" written and composed by F. Macdonald and Robert Munro (Messrs. Marriott and Williams).—Two songs by John Collett are: "The Parting," from the ballad opera of *Roborough Hall*, a pleasing love ditty of medium compass; and "In Memory of a Favourite Sister." The composer has supplied the words for both songs (Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and Co.).—There is a merry swing in a boating song, "Rowing Together," written and composed by T. H. Roberts and R. M. Davies.—The "Morning is Breaking," a hunting song, written and composed by E. Farmer and Charles Coote, is tuneful and cheerful enough to serve the purpose intended. "Celandine Mazurka," by Isabel Kingston, is apparently the work of a young composer, and for that reason must be judged leniently (Messrs. Hopwood and Crew).—A fairly amusing comic song for a bass is "The Oyster Lad," written and composed by Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Greenhill (Joseph Williams). Both words and music, by H. Vincent Barwell and Harry Dancy, of "The Parted Lovers," are pathetic and pleasing (Messrs. Conrad, Herzog, and Co.).—Of the mildest type are the words of "Loved Voices," by Mark Wilton, and the music by Edith Cooke; this song is published in three keys (Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co.).—"Great Britain and Ireland" (patriotic song), written by Somerset Frank, composed by J. Neill O'Donovan, is not a bad specimen of its type (Alphonse Cary).—The same may be said of "Sons of Erin," written and composed by Kinnersley Lewis (Messrs. Cramer, Wood, and Co.).—A song which will not add to the reputation of either poet or composer is "Left," words by "Theta," music by Reginald J. Thompson.—"The Foot-Warmer Polka," by the above-named composer, is as quaint as its name and title-page (C. Jefferys).



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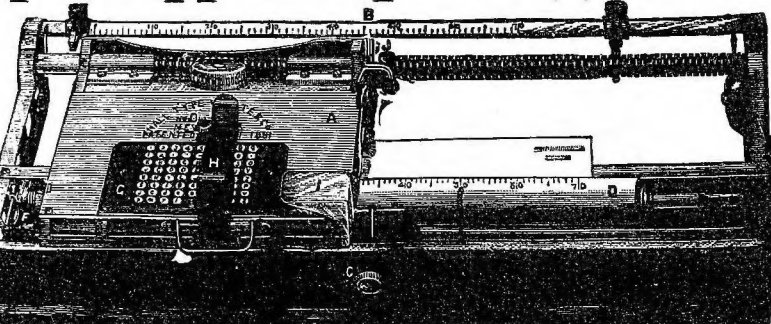
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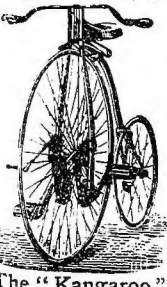
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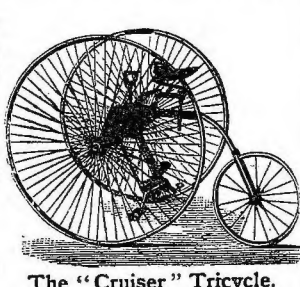
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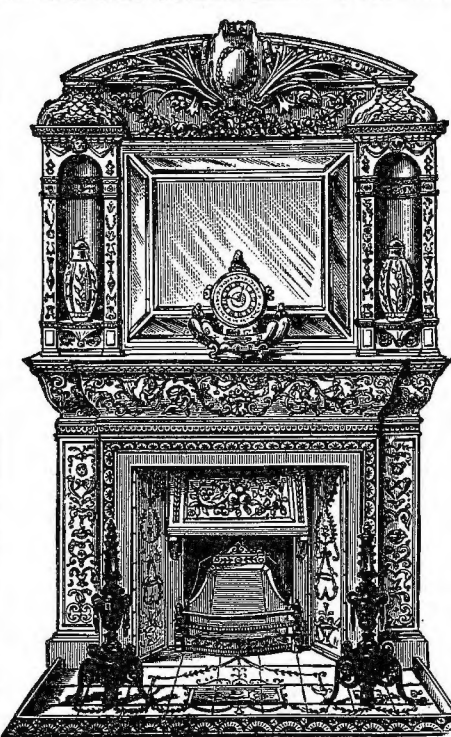
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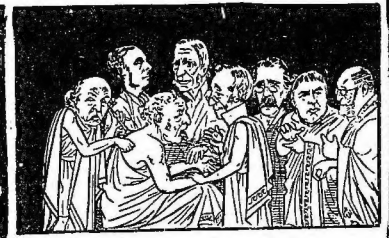
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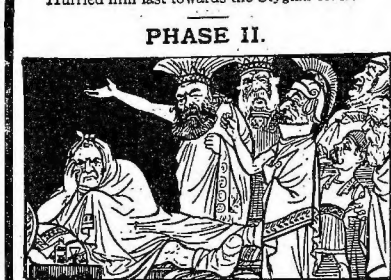
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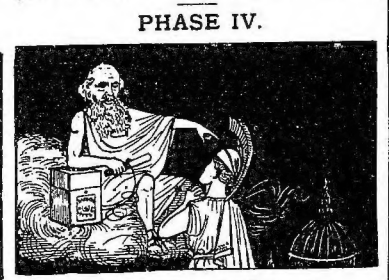
WITHIN his tent Achilles sat and swore: With pain the hero's face was sickled o'er Gout in his feet, neuralgia in his jaws, Too weak, alas, to fight for Grecian cause, Bronchitis, rheumatism, lungs and liver, Hurried him fast towards the Stygian river.



IN vain physicians came with subtle skill, And tried, in turn, prescription, lotion, pill: With saddened looks they viewed his tarry tongue, In solemn silence stethoscoped each lung: From moulting head to gout-distorted toe, They searched, then said, "Poor fellow, 'tis no go!"



IN vain the chieftains of the Grecian host Spoke of Patroclus slain, and Hector's boast To drive the Grecians to their ships again. "Hector be blowed!" Achilles groaned in pain. "Rouse thee, Achilles!" thus Ulysses said (He who with silver tongue the council led), "The ungrateful people at my guidance grumble, Thinking a statesman never ought to stumble. Seeking omniscience in a mortal man, So haste, Achilles! rise and lead the van! Choose one of these three courses if you're wise: Advance and fight, retreat, or compromise! Ajax the greater next, the bearded lord, In every fray the first to draw the sword, With lowering brows Achilles thus addressed: "Once more Ulysses our affairs has messed!"



THETIS, Achilles' mother, she whose home Lies fathom deep beneath the ocean foam, In tearful haste to Mount Olympus flies, And to great Jupiter for help she cries, "Seek not Apollo!" thus the Thunder spake, "He will not help you for the Trojan's sake; Haste to the city on Tamise's shore, And seek the great Pall Mall Electric Store, You'll see the name in flashing discs displayed, Near where the Holborn gorge is overlaid By the great Viaduct, whose iron span Bridges the gulf where once the Fleet Ditch ran, And there, at Number Twenty-one, you'll find Unfailing cures for ills of all mankind. Consult Harnesses who presides with win: And with his help the victory you'll win: 'Tis he who wields, with wondrous power and ease, The Electric forces which can kill disease."

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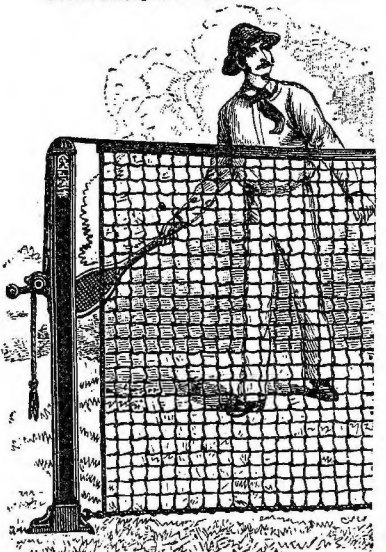
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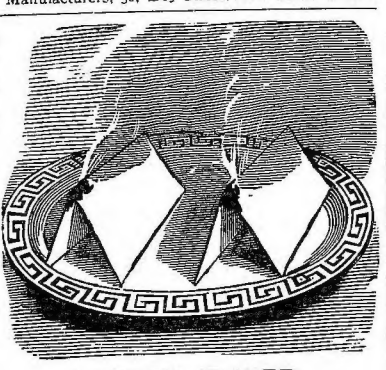
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